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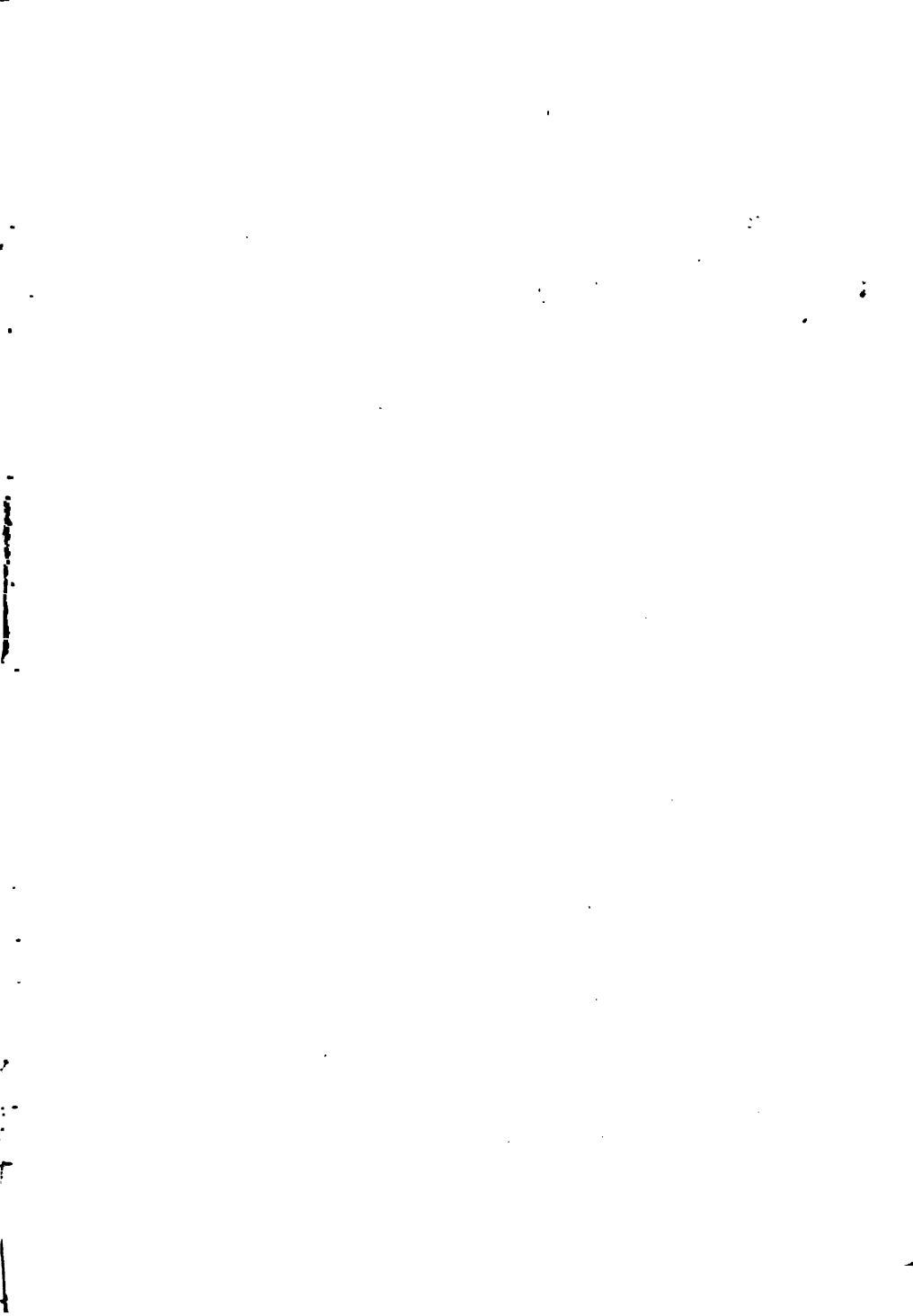
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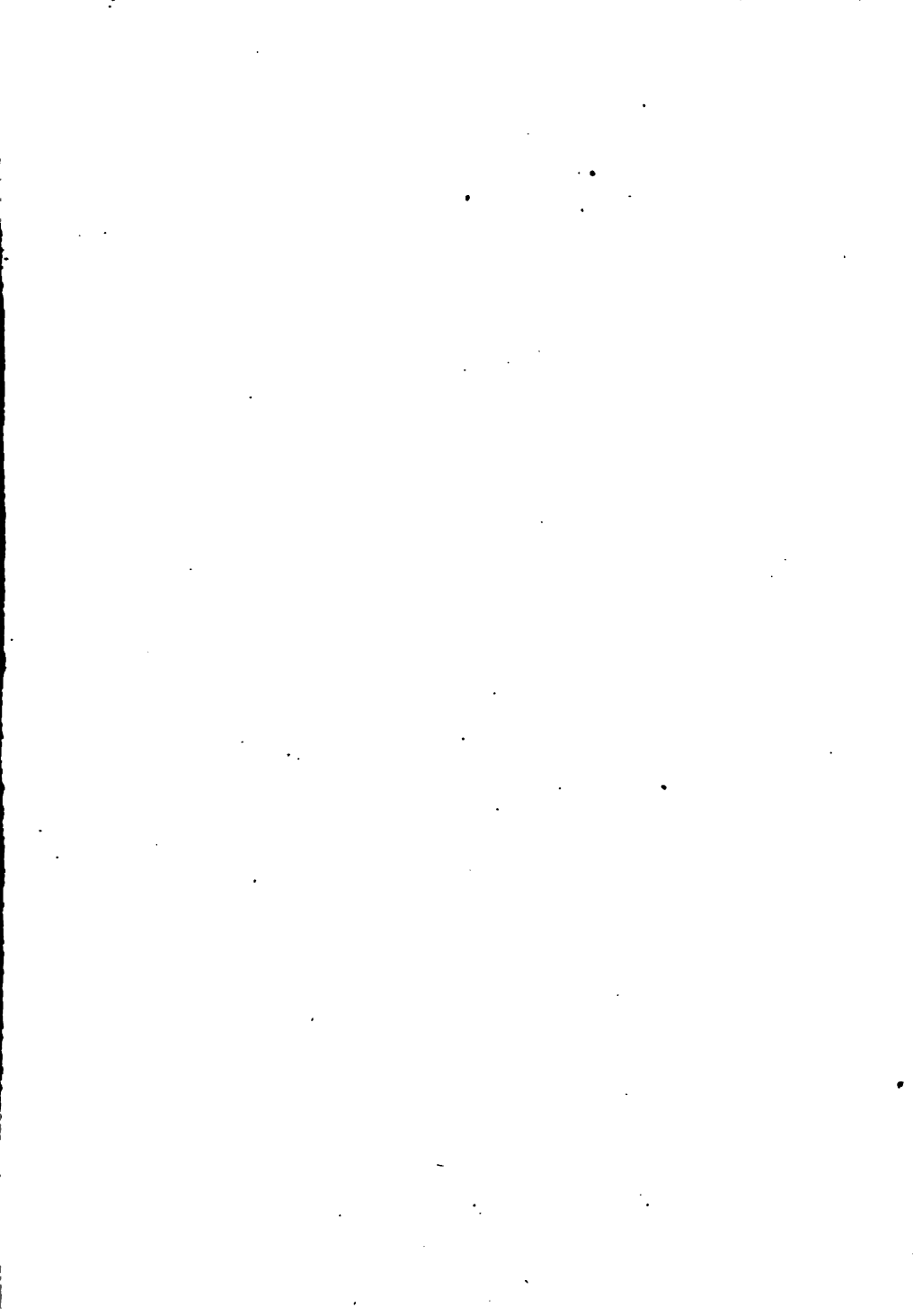
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THE  
NURSERY

*A Monthly Magazine*

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME XI.

BOSTON :  
JOHN L. SHOREY, No. 36, BROMFIELD STREET.

1872.



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Feb 12, 1892



GRANDMOTHER'S PUZZLE.

## GRANDMOTHER'S PUZZLE.



OME, now, grandmother," said Robert, "measure us fairly. Which is the taller,—Jenny, or I? We stand in our stocking-feet, you see.

"I should not wonder if you found me the taller of the two: for I have been living on chowder at the seaside, not to speak of pumpkins and milk; and you know how that kind of food makes one grow.

"When I left home six weeks ago, Jenny and I were just of a height. Poor Jenny! She has been taking care of her sick doll all summer; and that, I'm afraid, has worn her down, and prevented her from shooting up like me."

"I'm not afraid to measure heights with you, sir!" said Jenny. "My doll has not been sick, and I have taken her out in her carriage every day, fair or foul; and I have eaten a good dinner every day too, as grandmother knows."

"Well, children," said grandmother, "stand up, and let me see how you compare in height."

"You'll find it's just as I tell you," said Robert: "chowder and pumpkin have done the work for me. Why! the people at the beach used to place me up against a wall, and then stand and see me grow; and they didn't have to wait long. It was amazing the way I shot up."

"Well, well, Robert, stand up now, back to back, with Jenny, and let me be the judge. Is it possible?" cried grandmother. "This boy has grown with a vengeance. Why, Jenny! he's a full head taller than you are."

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried Robert, trying to slip away.

"Stop, sir!" said Jenny, seizing him, and pulling him back. "Now, sir, stand flat on your feet, and not on tiptoe. He was cheating you, grandmother, all the time."

"That was the way of it; was it, Master Robert?" said grandmother, laughing. "Well, I ought to have known you were playing me a trick."

So grandmother made the two stand up once more, and looked at their feet to see that they stood right; and she found that Robert had not grown so much, after all.

"If I were to put a newspaper under Jenny's feet, I think she would be about as tall as you are, Master Robert," said grandmother. "Now, are you not ashamed of yourself, sir, to try to cheat an old lady like me?"

"It was only in fun, grandmother," said Robert; "and I shall stop your scolding with a kiss. There!"

Then Robert ran off to his sled, and Jenny took up her doll, and grandmother looked round for her knitting.

DORA BURNSIDE.

---

## CHRISTMAS-EVE.

STARS are shining everywhere  
Through the frosty Christmas air;  
Jack Frost sketches on the pane  
Hints of fern and waving grain;  
All the nests are filled with snow;  
Hidden is the tall hedge-row,  
Where wild brambles used to run  
In the happy summer sun;  
Star-beams touch the ice-clad trees  
Into splendid jewelries,  
Till the world appears to shine  
In a halo half divine.

Sleepy eyes now wait to catch  
Good Saint Nicholas lifting the latch.

M. N. PRESCOTT.

## MY MOUSE.

A TRUE STORY.



LAST summer, when I was in North Adams, I asked my papa if he would buy me a trap that would catch mice without killing them, so that I could feed and keep them constantly. These traps are made of wire, with a drop-door, and a small ring for the mice to "run in,"—such as are in squirrel-cages.

One night this year, I set my trap in my bedroom, where I had seen a mouse. The trap was well baited; and in the middle of the night, to my great delight, I heard the mouse turning the wheel.

My father got up, and put the cage in a chair by my window, and put a stick in the wheel to keep it from running, as it made a loud noise which kept me awake. In the morning, I dressed quickly, and took my cage down stairs, and gave the mouse a hearty meal of corn and bread.

I have taken good care of him ever since, and he seems to be quite at home in his cage. He keeps up the squeaking of the wheel both day and night. His cage is in a box with bars across, and so arranged, that I can put my hand through and get the cage, and then slip the bars into their places again.

One day my sister's cat, which, like other cats, is very fond of mice, went in front of the box, and, after watching it some time, stuck her paw through the bars; but, as she could do no harm, I let her sit there.

Perhaps I will tell you next month more about my mouse. If you want to see him, you will only have to come to Williamstown.

SANNY G. TENNEY, aged 7½ years.



## KITTY AND HIS BOTTLE.

WHEN the little gray kitten was three weeks old, the old mother-cat died. What was to be done? It seemed very hard to drown the poor little thing: but it would not do to let it starve; and it cried so loud, "Mee-ow, mee-ow!" that Aunt Lizzie, who has a very soft spot in her heart for dumb creatures, could not bear to hear it.

She tried feeding him with a spoon; but kitty did not like that at all: he choked and squirmed, and most of the milk ran down on his neck and breast, and made him very wet and uncomfortable.

At last she said to herself, "Babies suck milk out of bottles, and why should not kitties?" She got a small bottle, filled it with warm milk and water, and put a little piece of sponge in the top like a cork. Then she put it to kitty's mouth. Oh, how pleased he was! He held the bottle fast in his two little fore-paws, and sucked away until all the milk was gone.

Then Aunt Lizzie wrapped him up in a warm cloth, laid



him in a deep box, and he went to sleep as cosily as could be. In a few days he learned to know the bottle, and would seize it, and draw it up close, as soon as he caught sight of it.

Everybody who saw this funny sight laughed heartily; and kitty and his bottle had to be brought up to the parlor to be admired almost every day. He was fed in this way for more than two weeks, until he could lap milk out of a saucer; and, as he never knew any other mother than Aunt Lizzie, we sometimes thought he took her for the old cat.

And what do you think this kitty's name is? He was born about the time of the Princess Louise's marriage; and his name is Marquis of Lorne.

ELIZABETH SILL.



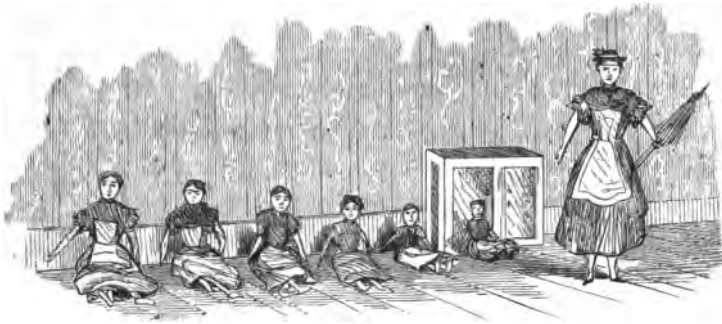
## THE UNBENDING DOLL.

ONCE there was a doll that could not bend: so, when she wanted to sit down, she could only slant in a chair, thus: —



The other dolls laughed at her for this; but their mother said, "My dears, you should never laugh at such things. For it is the way she was made; and perhaps she can stand better than you can."

This proved to be the case. One day the dolls were all requested to stand in a row. Only one could do so, — the one that had been laughed at. The rest all had to sit down, thus: —



You see, the one that was laughed at stands beautifully, and can laugh at the rest, that are so loose in the joints, they have to sit.

Little dolls should learn not to laugh at each other.

MISS H.



MY DEAR LITTLE PUSSY, YOU NEEDN'T SAY "MEW:"  
THE MILK IN THIS PITCHER, IT ISN'T FOR YOU.



## THE SLEEPY BOY.

I KNOW a little boy ;  
 And I've often heard it said,  
 That he never was so tired  
 That he wished to go to bed.  
 Though he scarcely can hold up  
 His drowsy little head,  
 Yet this very foolish boy  
 Cannot bear to go to bed.

When the big golden sun  
 Has lain down to sleep ;  
 When the lambs every one  
 Are lying by the sheep ;  
 When underneath its wing  
 Every chick tucks its head, —  
 Still this odd little boy  
 Does not like to go to bed.

Primroses and daisies  
 Have shut their bright eyes ;  
 Grasshoppers and crickets  
 Are singing lullabies ;

The fire-flies have lighted  
 Their lamps bright and yellow ;  
 And I'm sure it's dreaming-time  
 For this sleepy little fellow.

The houseless little child  
 Who has no place to sleep ;  
 Who on the ground must lie,  
 Or in some doorway creep ;  
 O'er whom no clean white sheet,  
 No blanket soft, is spread, —  
 How happy he would be  
 If he could "go to bed" !

But with a pretty nest  
 All warm and soft and white,  
 That's waiting for this boy,  
 When it's time to say " Good-night : "  
 With mamma's loving kiss,  
 And her hand upon his head, —  
 How strange a sleepy boy  
 Should not like to go to bed !

ELIZABETH SILL.



## A LETTER FROM PAPA.

FORT HUMBOLDT, CAL.

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER, — We arrived here to-day, safe and sound, after riding six days over the mountains, having all our baggage packed on mules, and sleeping every night on the ground.

You would laugh to see the mules covered all over with blankets, bags, and bundles, so that you can hardly see their heads. The leading mule has a bell on a strap around its neck, and is ridden by one of the mule-packers. This mule is called the Bell Mule ; and all the other mules follow it.

Mrs. Smith, who lives here, has a little daughter, not quite as large as you are. Every one calls her Tom Smith, because she looks like a little boy, has short hair, and plays boy's plays.

She has a drum, a trumpet, a sword, a gun, a dog, and a mouse-trap. She catches mice with her trap, and lets them out ; when the dog catches them, and gives them to the old black cat for her seven little kittens.

Another lady here has a brown cat, that plays around the house, tears down the curtains, upsets her work-basket, rolls the balls of yarn all around the legs of the tables and chairs, pulls off the table-cover with all the books, and does a great deal of mischief generally.

She has also a little black bear, who sleeps in a little bed, and is called Jack. The cat plays with Jack, scratches its face, pulls its tail, and bothers it very much. The bear cries just like a baby. and follows the lady all around the fort like a dog.

LOLLA'S PAPA.

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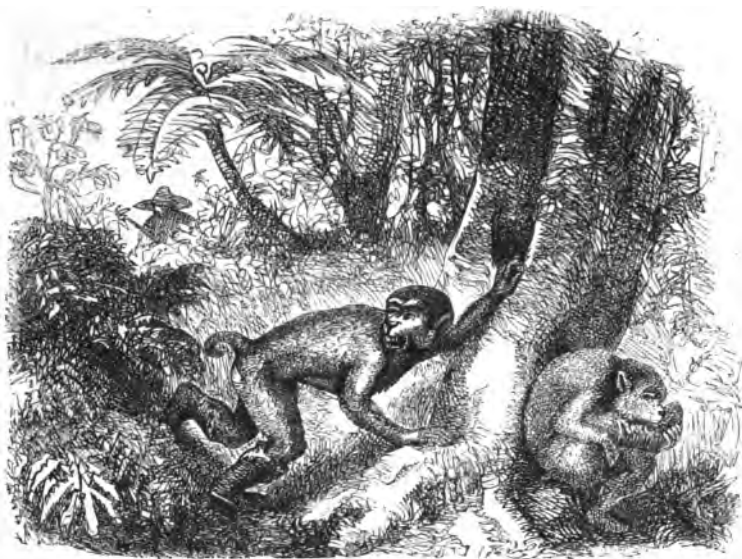
## "IF I WERE YOU."

SENT WITH A BOUND VOLUME OF "THE NURSERY."

'SEEMS to me, if I were you,  
Little girl with eyes of blue,  
Such a pretty book as this is  
Would be worth a dozen kisses;  
And perhaps you can't do better  
Than to send them in a letter.  
I don't know how it may be:  
That's the way it *seems to me*.

'Seems to me, if I were you,  
Little boy with jacket blue,  
Noisy toys laid on the shelf,  
Seeking to *amuse yourself*,  
I should make my nicest bow  
To this friend who shows you how.  
I can't tell how it might be:  
That's the way it *seems to me*.

A. D. W.



## STORIES ABOUT APES.

ONCE two apes stole two pairs of boots, and, when they got into the woods, they put the boots on ; but, before they could get them off, they heard the hunters coming. The apes could not run or climb with boots on ; and so the hunters came up, and caught them.

I will tell you another and a true story of some apes. Once in a far-off land, a friend of mine stopped at a small hut by the wayside. On each side of the hut there were trees, on the leaves of which were sharp thorns, — thorns which prick and hurt much.

As my friend sat still in the hut, he heard the apes at play on a tree ; and they seemed full of fun. While they were at play, he all at once heard a cry, — a loud cry, — as if some one was in pain.

He looked out of the hut, and he saw that one of the apes had had a fall from the tree on which he had been at play,

and that he lay on the thorns, and that the thorns ran into his skin, and hurt the ape much.

My friend did not like to touch the ape, lest the others should think he meant to hurt it; and then they would have come to bite my friend. So he stood quite still, and looked to see what they would do.

By and by he saw five or six apes come and look at the ape who lay crying in the thorns; and they said in their way, "Lie still, lie still: we will see what we can do to help you out."

So the apes got on a branch of the tree; and then more and more apes came and sat on the branch of the tree, till the branch bent down so low, that the ape in the thorns could take hold of it.

And then, when he had taken hold of it, all the other apes, with a great jump, jumped off the branch of the tree; and, as they jumped, the branch sprang up in the air so fast, that it pulled the poor ape out of the thorns; and the ape kept fast hold of the branch, so that he might once more get on to the tree.

And, when the others saw that this ape was safe on the tree, they came and pulled the thorns out of his skin, and the ape was glad to get rid of the thorns.

But, when the apes had got the thorns out of the skin of the poor hurt ape, they began to beat him, and to chatter away as if they were scolding him.

Perhaps they said to him in the best way they could, "We beat you, so that you may know to take care, and not fall from the tree. You must look where you leap."

And the poor ape cried when he was beaten, and chattered in his turn, as if he were saying, "Oh, do not beat me any more! I will be good. I will take care. I will look where I leap. I will not fall into the thorns again."

Were they not wise apes to find a way to help their poor friend out of the thorns? They were wise; but ought they to have beat him so? Well, they beat him, so that he might take better care next time.

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

---

## THE GUINEA-HEN.



“YOUR Guinea-hen — how satin smooth  
Her silver-spotted gown!  
She has a top-knot on her head,—  
A little feather-crown.  
I’ve seen her once; so fine a bird  
I think I’ve never known:  
How happy I should be, if I  
Could have her for my own!”

“Oh! you may have her, if you wish:  
But then (I ought to tell)  
She has a few ways, that, perhaps,  
You may not like so well;  
For always from the poultry-yard  
She’s trying to get out,  
And up the road, and through the fields,  
Go wandering about.

“I never know what way she’ll take,  
Nor how long she will stay,  
Nor who she’ll visit, when I find  
That she has gone away.



'Tis not the worst of faults, you say,  
To like too well to roam ;  
But 'tis a bad thing when one wants  
To *never* stay at home.

“ But though she is so often gone,  
I know when she is round ;  
For then I always hear her voice  
O'er every other sound.  
'Kr-r-r-ark, kr-r-r-ark,' she will begin to call  
As soon as it is light ;  
'Kr-r-r-ark, kr-r-r-ark,' she keeps it up all day :  
It is her last good-night.

“ 'Tis not the worst of faults ; I'm sure  
I do not wish her ill :  
But 'tis a bad thing when one thinks  
She never can be still.  
But you may have her if you wish.”  
“ Oh ! you are very kind ;  
But, since you have begun to speak,  
I think I've changed my mind.

“ I like her top-knot, and her gown  
With silver-spots ; but then  
I really do not think I care  
To *own* your Guinea-hen.”

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





## GRANDFATHER AND THE FOX.

A fox used to come in the night, and catch grandfather's hens and chickens. So grandfather thought he would set a trap, and catch the fox.

He saw his tracks, and knew pretty well where to set the trap. It was a very sandy place, near the seashore.

Grandfather carried out an iron trap with teeth, and buried it in the sand; then he took a turkey's wing, and brushed the place all over smoothly where the trap was. As he walked away, he brushed the sand over where he had stepped, so the fox should not smell his tracks. The fox can smell where a man has walked, just as a dog can.

For two or three mornings, when grandfather went to look, he could not see any thing of the fox; but one morning, at last, there lay the fox with his hind-leg caught in the teeth of the trap. He had put his foot in it that time. He lay stiff and cold and still; and his eyes were shut.

"Ah, you old fox, I have you now!" said grandpa; and he kicked him with his boot, to be sure he was dead. He was hard and stiff. Then grandfather put his foot on the trap, and sprung it; when up jumped the sly fox, and away

he ran on three legs as fast as he could run for the woods. He was only making believe dead, so as to get let out of the trap.

A long time afterwards, grandfather caught that same fox again. He knew him by his broken leg, which had grown together. He did not let him get away again, but put him where he would catch no more of his hens and chickens.

H. W.

---

## ON THE POND.

It is a cold winter-day. The pond is frozen over, and the ice is thick and strong. Now is the time for skating.

Ah! the boys and girls are at it already. There is Charles on his skates, pushing Jane before him on his sled; and away they go over the ice. Come, Ponto, you and I will go out and see the fun. I must put on my cape-overcoat and my fur cap; and Ponto, if you have no objection, I'll take a cigar to keep my nose warm. It is a bad habit, I know; but you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

Here we are on the pond. How smooth the ice is! We must step very carefully, or we shall come down head-foremost, like that awkward boy over there. That would be no fun at all to a man of my weight.

What is this boy sitting down on the ice for? Oh! he has had a fall, and got a bump on the head. Never mind, my boy. Pick yourself up, and try again.

Ah! what have we here? Warm doughnuts? Well, this is something quite new.

Let me see! I have some change in my pocket. Six will be enough, little girl. Charley and Jane, come this way, and I'll treat you. Come, Ponto, we will go up on the bridge.

THE MAN IN THE PICTURE.





## MAMMA'S STORY.

WELL, when I was a little girl, my grandpa brought down to me one day a wee white pig. He said that the old mother-pig had one too many babies, and could not take care of this one; so I might have it for mine.

How glad I was! They thought the piggy would not live; but I took him up in my arms, and began to love him right off. I made a soft bed in a basket, close by the kitchen-stove, and put him in it; and I fed him with warm milk out of a silver spoon.

In a day or two, though, piggy grew so strong and smart, that he could gobble up his milk himself just like any other hungry pig; and little he cared then for the silver spoon.

He grew so fast, that, pretty soon, he was too big for his basket; and I made a place for him in the woodhouse.

Every day I washed him all over; and I thought he was as pretty and clean as a daisy. Only he *would* keep growing, you know, until, by and by, my papa said he could not stay in the woodhouse any longer, but must live at the barn. He had to go then; but he did not like the change a bit.

The next day, I saw my piggy going from the barn towards

the woodhouse. He had his mouth full of hay, and was scolding away to himself, "*Ugh, ugh, ugh!*"

I thought I could guess what he meant to do; but I did not say a word to anybody about it.

And what do you think? My piggy kept going back and forth, back and forth, from his new place in the barn to his old place in the woodhouse, all the time scolding and grunting, "*Ugh, ugh, ugh!*" till he had carried hay enough to make a soft bed.

Then he lay down on it and went to sleep; and the first my papa knew, as he was sitting there at some work that night, he felt the piggy's cold pink nose against his neck. Wasn't he a cunning piggy?

E. B.



## WHAT IS THE MATTER?

WHAT is the matter? what is the matter?

Now, what is the matter with Joe?

How sullen he looks! how he pouts at his books!

Please tell me if this is not so.

He doesn't like study, he doesn't like study,  
He doesn't like study at all:  
He'd rather go off with idle Bill Goff,  
And play with his bat and his ball.

He doesn't like spelling, he doesn't like spelling;  
He hardly knows how to spell *goat*:  
But he takes great delight in flying a kite,  
Or going to fish from a boat.

He doesn't like grammar, he doesn't like grammar;  
He can't tell a verb from a noun:  
But the orchard he knows where the best apple grows,  
And every bad boy in the town.

He doesn't like figures, he doesn't like figures;  
His slate, if he durst, he would break:  
Let me warn him at once, that he'll grow up a dunce,  
Unless to his books he will take.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

AUNT CLARA.



STOP AND TAKE ME IN!



## ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

HERE we have a picture of Ann, showing an umbrella to her little brother John. It is quite a new thing to him, and he wishes to learn how to use it.

So, in the first place, Ann teaches him how to open it. She has opened an umbrella many a time before; but she finds this one rather hard to manage, because it so large and heavy.

It must have been made for a large man, and not for a little girl, with short arms, like Ann. For all that, Ann knows very well that she can get it open if she tries; and she keeps on trying till she succeeds.

Then she lets Johnny walk under it with her, and shows him how nicely it would keep off the rain in case they should get caught in a shower.

Then she teaches him how to shut the umbrella; and John watches her very closely, and listens to all that she



says, and begins to think that he knows as much about umbrellas as any boy of his size ; and I dare say he does.



But there is something to be said about umbrellas that John does not know ; and I will tell it here.

Umbrellas were first used in China and India. About two hundred years ago, the use of them became common in France and England, but only among the ladies.

The first *man* who carried an umbrella in London was a rich merchant, named Jonas Hanway, who lived about a hundred years ago. He was well known as a good man, for he helped the poor, and built a hospital for sick sailors ; yet, when he first appeared in public carrying an umbrella, the people laughed and hooted at him, just as people would

laugh now if a man should walk along the street wearing a lady's bonnet.

Some years ago, an English gentleman returned to London from his travels, and brought with him a bright red umbrella. Red umbrellas were common in the foreign country where he bought it; and he went out with it, one rainy day, without thinking that he was doing any thing strange.

But he soon saw that he was attracting great attention. People turned and stared at him: even the sweepers at the crossings were astonished. A crowd gathered at his heels, and followed him, talking saucily.

The gentleman did not carry his red umbrella any more; but one of his friends carried it a long time, because he said a man had a right to carry an umbrella of any color he pleased; and so he has. But there are always foolish and ill-mannered people who *will* stare at such things; and so, if we carry bright red umbrellas, we must expect to be stared at.

M. F. BURLINGAME.



## A BOX ON THE EAR.

LITTLE Kate was very much afraid of geese: they used to hiss at her, and run after her, till she was fain to take to her small feet in mortal terror.

One day she took it into her head to run away from school: so she slipped out at recess, and hadn't gone far, before she saw a large flock of geese, — green goslings and all.

"Now," said Kate, "I will be as brave as a lion, and go by them without running a single step. I guess they won't take any notice of a little girl like me."

So she trudged on very slowly, and even stopped to pat

the little goslings, when the old gander began to hiss, and all the old geese joined in with him, as much as to say, "There's a little girl running away from school. She's setting our dear goslings *such* a bad example; let's chase her down the hill."

Then poor Kate began to quicken her steps, and to tremble like a leaf; and, looking over her shoulder, there was the great gray gander coming after her as fast as his legs could carry him.

Kate ran with all her might over stones and briars and mud-puddles, soiling her clean clothes, and tearing her new gown on the brambles. But the gander gained on her; and presently Kate's foot turned under her, and she fell headlong.

Then the gander, seeing his chance, set his foot upon her neck, and boxed her ears soundly, — first one side, and then the other, with his two great gray wings; and he might have kept on boxing till this time, for all I know, if the teacher hadn't sent one of the boys to bring Kate back to school.

And so Kate got her ears boxed for running away from her lessons.

M. N. P.



A FINE GAME FOR A COLD DAY.



### “I DIDN'T THINK.”

THERE was a little girl whose name was Nelly. She was so fond of play, that she was apt to forget the rules that her mother had laid down for her. One of these rules was, that, when her shoes were wet, she should always change them for dry ones.

One day Nelly went to play at croquet with some of her young friends. There had been a heavy rain the day before; and, though the sun shone while she played, the ground was quite damp.

Nelly had on thin shoes; and, when she came home, the soles were so moist, that they made her stockings wet, and her feet cold. But Nelly saw a new picture-book on the table, and so quite forgot her mother's rule, and did not change her shoes.

Can you guess what happened to her? Why, she took a bad cold, and was so ill, that the doctor was sent for; and she had to lie in bed a whole week.

One pleasant day, her mother came into her room, and sat on the bed by her side. Nelly was almost well; and her mother raised the little girl's hand to her lips, and kissed it, and said, "Will my little Nelly now remember always to change her shoes when they are wet?"

"Yes, mother," said Nelly; "for I am sure I do not like to take medicine, nor do I like to be kept a whole week on the bed. I will try to keep from catching cold. The truth is, *I didn't think.*"

"Ah! there it is, Nelly," said her mother: "it was that bad *I didn't think* who was to blame. Half our troubles are caused by him. Learn to think, my darling, and you will learn to go right. When your feet are wet again, tell *I didn't think* to go away; and then do you come straight home and change your shoes."

IDA FAY.



## DAISY'S RABBIT.

A TRUE STORY.

I AM a little girl ten years old, and my real name is Juliette; but every one calls me Daisy.

I live in a beautiful city at the South. Last winter my cousin Emily had a governess, who taught her little girl and

two other children ; and mamma sent me to say my lessons to her. She was a French lady, named Miss Rosalie.



One of the little girls who went there to say her lessons was named Daisy ; and my little cousin's name was Daisy : so we were three little Daisies, — “ Daisy B.” and “ Daisy C.” and “ Daisy G. ;” and I was “ Daisy G.”

My sister Nellie, who is twelve years old, came every day to Miss Rosalie to say her French ; and we liked our school very much, for, though we had pretty long lessons, we got a prize every month, if we had been good children.

When summer came, Cousin Emily went away to the North, with my little cousins and Miss Rosalie : but, the day before they started, our prizes were given to us ; and Nellie's and mine were two dear little brown rabbits.

We brought them home in an empty bird-cage ; and the cook gave us an old tin bucket to keep them in until the carpenter could make us a box for them.

Nellie's was the largest, and was called Toots ; and mine

was called Bunny. They were little baby-rabbits, and we were dreadfully afraid the cat would get them.

One day we had a great fright. When we went to feed them out on the piazza, where we had left them safe in their pail, one of them was out on the floor, and just creeping off the steps; and the other was gone.

Nellie cried, — it was her rabbit that was missing. I cried too; and we were very sad all that evening, thinking of our lost pet. When Ellen our nurse went down to bed that night, she was frightened almost to death by what she thought was a rat in her room; but she soon found it was poor little Toots, who had tumbled into the basement-window. We were glad enough to get him back again.

I had told my little sister Alice, who is seven years old, that, as she did not have any rabbit, she might help me in the morning to feed mine. As soon as she was dressed, she sat down at the head of the stairs, with Bunny in her lap. When she had fed him, she was just going to put him back in the bucket, when he gave one jump out of her arms, and down he went to the hall-floor below.

Poor Alice, how she screamed! We both ran down stairs as fast as we could go. There lay the poor little rabbit with the blood running from its nose and mouth. Mamma ran out of her room to see what was the matter, and Nellie came flying down after her.

"O mamma!" cried Alice, "can't you give it something to make it well?"

"No," said mamma. "The kindest thing will be to lay the poor creature on some cotton, and leave it to die."

So I got some soft cotton-wool; and mamma laid my poor Bunny gently back in the bucket.

Every time we went to feed Toots that day, we expected to find that Bunny was dead; but he was still alive when we

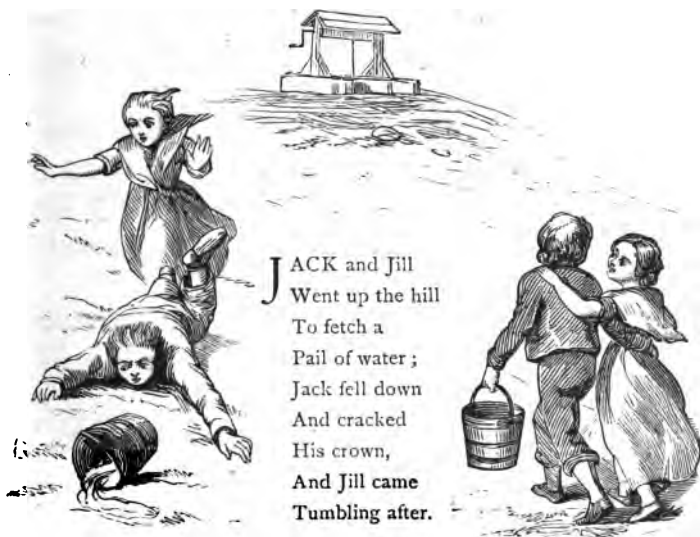
went to bed ; and, in order to give them both plenty of fresh air, Nelly put the pail out on the piazza-roof for the night.

Next morning, there was only one rabbit in the pail, and that was my poor little pet that had been so nearly killed. Nellie's rabbit was gone ; and that was the last of poor Toots.

Little Bunny, to our great joy, grew stronger every day. After a while, he grew very tame. It was funny to see him play about. He would run to the head of the staircase, and peep over the place where he had fallen through ; then he would turn round, as though he was scared almost to death, run into mamma's room, and hide under her bureau.

By this time, the carpenter had made him a nice little box, with slats across the front, and a sliding-door ; and, when we came to the Isle of Hope for the summer, we brought Bunny in his box ; and here we have him still.

DAISY G.



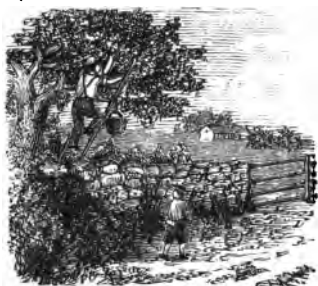
JACK and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a  
Pail of water ;  
Jack fell down  
And cracked  
His crown,  
And Jill came  
Tumbling after.

JACK AND JILL.



## GEORGE AND THE APPLES.

HERE is an apple-tree in the orchard, and a man is picking off the nice red apples. George was going along in the road,



and saw the man on the ladder. He could smell the nice ripe apples, and wished he had some.

But he did not ask for them. He only looked at them as he went along. Before he had quite passed by, the man saw him. "Come here!" said the man to George.

George could not climb over the wall: so he ran along to the bars. The bars were all up; but

he could crawl between them.

"You are a good boy," said the man to George; "and I will give you some apples. Hold up your hat."



So George took off his hat, and held it out. Then the man gave him so many apples, that his hat was quite full. George thanked the man, and ran home as fast as he could go.



He gave the apples to his mother, and told her all about the man. She was glad the man had called George a good boy.

## CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

“WHAT did you find in your stockings,  
Good little girls and boys?”

“Horses and donkeys and trumpets,  
Lots of wonderful toys!

“Dollies in lovely dresses,  
Tops, and a sword and gun;  
Rattles, and Jacks in boxes, —  
Jolliest things for fun!

“Play-houses, bows and arrows,  
Turkeys and ducks that squeak.  
Candies, and tiny tea-sets,  
Baa-lambs woolly and meek.”

“Shake out each little stocking:  
Something is left behind, —  
Something so sweet and precious,  
Every good child may find.

“Can’t you guess? Something dearer,  
Fairer, than all your toys, —  
The love of father and mother  
For their darling girls and boys!”

GEORGE COOPER.





THE OLD BOWLING-ALLEY.

## THE OLD BOWLING-ALLEY.



HAT frolics we used to have in the old bowling-alley! I was the oldest of the three children, and I used to wear my hair in two braids falling from the side of my head.

Jenny was the next one to me; and then came Oscar, the baby, who was a great friend of Zip, the dog. You may see us all in the picture.

My elder brothers were very fond of bowling; and they used to get me to set up the pins for them, which I thought very good fun. I liked to send the balls rolling back through the trough.

Sometimes I would take my turn at bowling; and I had learned to handle the balls very well, although some of them were almost as big as my head.

When my brothers were away, I used to practise bowling all by myself: for my sister Jenny did not care about such a rough game; she liked better to gather flowers. And as to Oscar, he, of course, was too small to play at ninepins, though he and Zip liked very well to roll the balls about on the grass.

Now, when one has to set up the pins, and roll and pick up the balls, all by one's self, the game of ninepins gets to be a good deal like work, after a while. So I used to try very hard to get somebody to play with me.

One day our neighbor's daughter Alice, who was about my age, came and leaned over the garden-fence while I was at play. Alice had a doll named Grace; and she always carried it about with her, and was fondling it from morning till night.

"How much are you paid an hour for that work?" said

she in a jeering tone, as I was lifting one of the biggest balls into the trough.

"It isn't work," said I. "It is first-rate fun. You would like it as well as I do, if you would only try it. Put that precious doll aside, and come and play with me. I'll teach you how to get a 'ten-strike.'"

"A 'ten-strike!' said Alice. "Great fun there must be in knocking down wooden pins! It's easy enough: anybody could do it."

"I don't believe you could knock down three pins in as many rolls!" said I.

"I can!" said Alice.

"I dare you to try it!" said I.

Alice accepted the challenge at once, and that was just what I wanted; for I had often coaxed her to play with me, without success.

She came in, laid down her doll, took up one of the heaviest balls, and, while I set up the pins, prepared to show me how easy it was to bowl them down.

"Be careful not to hit any of the children, Alice," said I.

"Never fear," said she. "Here goes!" and crash came the ball, knocking down one pin.

"Good!" said I. "Try again."

Alice took a lighter ball next time, and aimed it with very great care; but I am sorry to say that she did not have so good luck. Just as the ball left her hand, it somehow took a slant in the wrong direction, and was thrown with great force clear out of the alley.

What is still worse, instead of hitting the pins, it came plump upon the nose of the doll-baby Grace.

Alice wrung her hands, and burst into tears. Jenny cried, "Oh, look, look!" Zip barked fast and furiously. Oscar screamed.

As for me, I tried to comfort them all; but I felt very bad to think that I had been the means of flattening the nose of poor Alice's darling. However, it only made Alice a more loving mother than ever. It taught her that there was some art in the game of ninepins; but I could never get her to try her hand at it again.

LINDA B—.



## A JANUARY THAW.

Drop after drop was falling  
From skies so dull and gray;  
While the little mad brook was calling  
To its neighbor over the way.

Glad to wake from its slumber,  
Blithe as a child at play,  
Singing songs without number,  
It prattled the livelong day.

"Speed on," it cried, "dull hours!  
Begone, dark clouds, I pray!  
I'm longing for birds and flowers,  
And the perfume of new-mown hay."

Then the clouds obeyed the fiat,  
But night fell cold and clear;  
And the little mad brook, sad and quiet,  
Sings no more till the spring of the year.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



## WHAT BECAME OF THE FIVE-CENT PIECES.

NELLY was John's sister ; and John was so fond of her, that he used to spend a good part of his money in buying things to please her.

One cold day in winter, when snow was on the ground and on the roofs, John looked in his money-box, and found there ten five-cent pieces.

Ten times five are fifty : so John was the owner of fifty cents, or half a dollar ! A whole dollar, you know, is worth —



how much? If you can't say, I will tell you: it is worth a hundred cents.

"Look here, Nelly!" cried John: "here is half a dollar in five-cent pieces. Now, I'm going to take the money, and buy the doll's bedstead I promised you."

"Why don't you buy a new sled with it for yourself?" asked Nelly; for she was not a selfish child.

"Oh! my old sled is good enough," said John; "besides, a new sled would cost more than half a dollar. Come, put on your red hood, and take your muff, and we will go to Mrs. Dix's shop, and buy the bedstead."

So Nelly, with her mother's help, put on her things; and then she and John went out.

But they had not gone far when they saw a poor lame man who had been a soldier: he was standing with crutches under his arms, at the corner of a street, and holding out his hat.

"See that poor man!" said Nelly.

"That's the man who got hurt in battle," said John. "He was a brave man, and would not run away."

"Give him five cents," said Nelly.

"Then I shall not have enough to buy the bedstead," said John.

"But he may want bread more than my doll wants a bedstead," said Nelly.

So John gave the poor soldier a five-cent piece, and then asked him if he had any children.

"Yes," said he: "I have two little girls; but they are not old enough to work."

"Give them each five cents, John," said Nelly.

So John took two pieces from his pocket, and put them in the man's hat.

"Thank you!" said the man: "you are very kind."

"Now, here is a five-cent piece for your wife," said John, giving him another.

"Have you a cat or a dog?" asked Nelly.

"I have a cat and a pig," said the lame man.

"Here are ten cents for the cat and the pig," cried John, laughing; for the children now began to grow quite merry.

"Will your mother like it?" asked the lame soldier.

"Pooh! mother will kiss us for it!" cried Nelly. "Have you a maid-of-all-work in the house?"

"Yes. My wife's niece is an orphan; and she lives with us, and helps us," said the man.

"Here's five cents for the orphan niece," cried John; and then the children burst out into laughter, in which the poor soldier joined, though he had looked pretty sad at first.

"Are there any mice in the house?" shouted little Nelly, who seemed to be running over with glee.

"One of my little girls has a tame mouse," said the man.

Another five-cent piece was here dropped in his hat; and again did they all laugh loud and long.

"Have you a cricket on the hearth?" shouted John.

"Yes; and a tea-kettle too," said the lame man.

"Then here's five cents for the cricket, and five cents for" —

But John could hardly speak the word *tea-kettle*; for his laughter stopped him: it seemed so funny to him to send five cents to a tea-kettle.

"My five-cent pieces are now all gone, and we must go 'too," said John.

"May the good God bless you, my dear children!" said the poor soldier.

Then Nelly and John took each other by the hand, and walked home through the snow, laughing all the way.



## WINTER.

WINTER day! frosty day!  
God a cloak on all doth lay.  
On the earth the snow he sheddeth;  
O'er the lamb a fleece he spreadeth;  
Gives the bird a coat of feather  
To protect it from the weather;  
Gives the children home and food.  
Let us praise him! God is good.  
Should the wind rise high and higher,  
We can warm us by the fire:  
Should the snow hide all the ground,  
Warmth and shelter can be found.  
Fuel waits us in the wood:  
God is bountiful and good.



## THE LAZY SLED.

JOHNNY BRIGGS is six years old. About a year ago, when he was five years old, his mamma asked him one day to bring in some wood for her. Johnny said, "O mamma! if I only had a sled, I would bring in wood enough to pile up to the top of the kitchen."

His mamma told him, that, if he would try to be a good boy, perhaps Santa Claus would bring him a sled. And sure enough, when Christmas came, Johnny had a nice new sled, red on the top, and blue on the runners. It had a picture of a dog on it, and the name "Rover," in large letters, below the picture.

Well, I wonder if the children think that Johnny brought in all the wood after that. He began at once to put on his cap and mittens, ready to go to work; and he asked his mamma to tie a paper on the top of the sled, so that the wood might not scratch it. One day, not long after Christmas, Johnny made three piles of wood in the kitchen, so high that he had to get on a chair to put on the last sticks.

But, after two or three weeks, the sled stopped, and didn't work any more. Instead of bringing in wood, Johnny went out to play. So his mamma said that Johnny's papa had better try to change the sled for another, because this sled was a lazy one.

Johnny thought about it, and made up his mind that it was the boy, and not the sled, that was lazy; and he asked mamma if she had not better try to change him for another boy.

So mamma is trying to change her Johnny into a boy who will always love to finish his work before he goes to his play.

JOHNNY'S MAMMA.



## THE SNOWBALL.

THE sky is speckled with the snow,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling !  
Up and down the hill we go,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling !

Small at first; but how it grows!  
What care we for purple nose,  
Ruby fingers, tingling toes!  
Keep the ball a-rolling!

Trees are in their downy beds,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling!  
Blankets wrapped around their heads,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling!  
All together, with a will,  
Up the lane, and down the hill;  
We are merry snow-birds still:  
Keep the ball a-rolling!

Giants make these, one by one,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling!  
Where they snowball, just for fun,—  
Keep the ball a-rolling!  
From a single flake it grew:  
Hour by hour, so fair and true,  
Grow the good deeds that we do:  
Keep the ball a-rolling!

GEORGE COOPER.



THE COTTAGE FIRESIDE.



## GOING OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

IN a country far to the south of us, there is a very long and high range of mountains.

At the foot of them you can pick oranges and lemons from the trees : on the top of the mountains there is nothing but barren rocks covered with snow and ice.

Many of these mountains are very rugged. Even the little donkeys that are trained to climb steep rocky places fear to ascend them : so, when a traveller wishes to go farther up the mountains than the donkeys can carry him, he has to go, like the man you see in the picture, seated in a rude, stout chair, which is strapped on the back of a native.

A *native* is one who was born in the country where he lives. Natives of a mountainous country are called *mountaineers*. They are used to climbing, and are very strong. The "native" in the picture is a mountaineer.

You see one strap is bound around his head, and another about his waist. Thus, with a stout pole in his hand to help him, he can carry anybody over the mountains.

Here you see him walking across a chasm in the rocks, upon the trunk of a fallen tree. The traveller carries a gun in his hand. I guess he means to shoot something for his dinner.

How do you think *you* should like to travel so? Should you not be a little afraid?

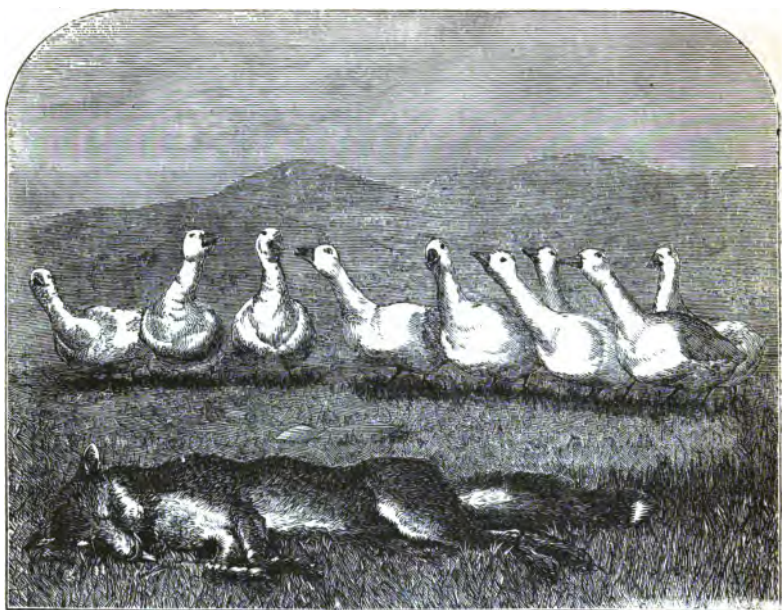
G. D. Y.



LITTLE Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey:  
There came a black spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And fright'n'd Miss Muffet away.

MOTHER GOOSE.





## THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

SEE the sly fox and the silly old geese! The sly fox lies down on the ground, and feigns that he is dead; for he wants to catch a good fat goose for his dinner.

The silly geese come up, and put out their long necks, and say, "Quack, quack!" but the sly

fox does not stir. Oh, no! He knows too much to stir, or to make a noise.

He will lie still there, and feign that he is dead, till the geese come quite near to him, — till they are so near, that he can seize and kill two or three of them without much trouble.

Go away, silly geese! 'Run off just as fast as you can! Keep away from a fox, even when he lies on the ground, and you think he is dead.

Foxes are fond of geese, but only fond of them as food. Geese have no cause to be fond of foxes, either dead or alive. The nine geese in the picture will very soon find this out.

## THE LITTLE HOSTLER.

"Stop that! What y'about? Whoa, there! Stand still; will you?"

Such were the cries of Mike, the little hostler, to the white horse Snow-storm, who had given him a nip with his teeth on the shoulder.

"I'll give you a good whipping, if you do that again, sir!" cried Mike; for the little boy was vexed.

Snow-storm was so frightened at hearing him scold, that he tossed his head up out of the boy's reach, and almost broke his halter.

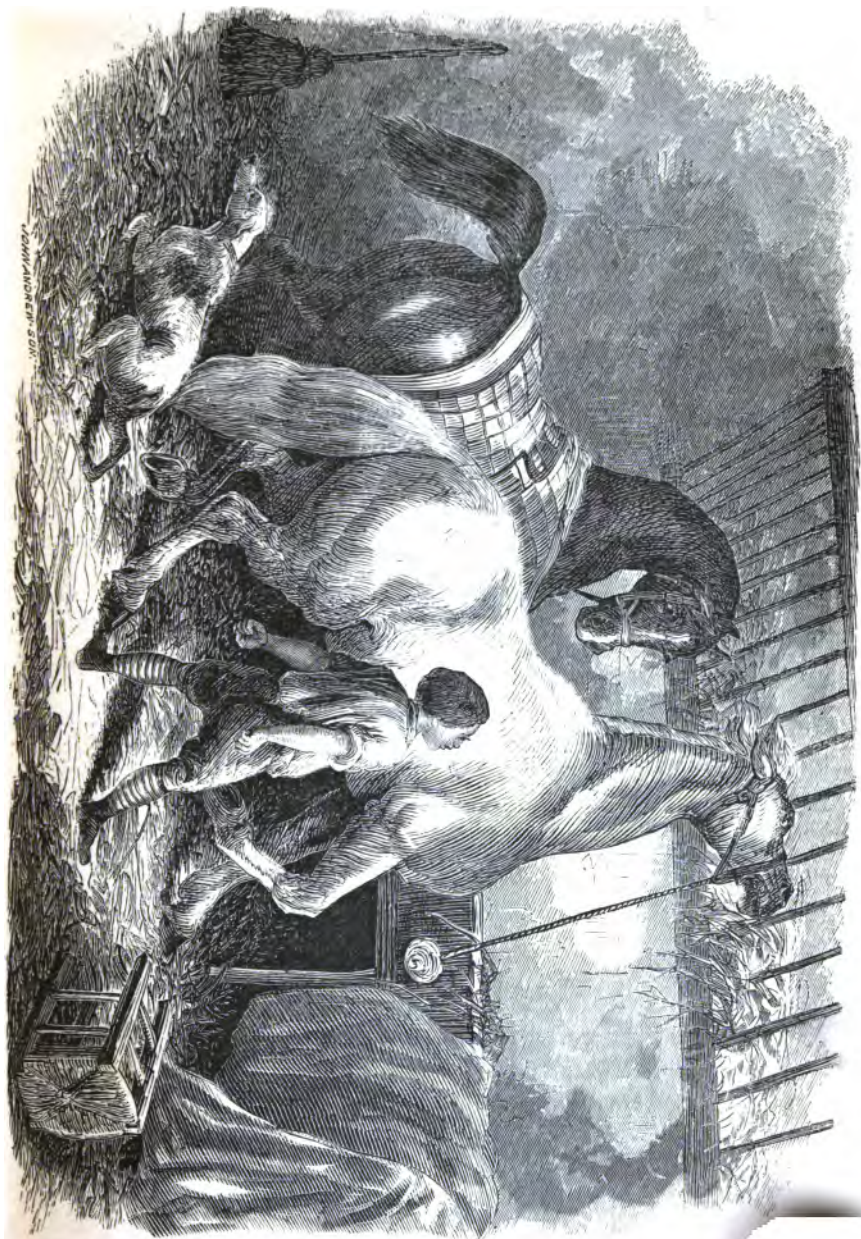
As for Jenny, the black mare, she was frightened too, and looked round at Mike to see what was coming next; while the good dog Hero crept away over the straw to the stable-door, as if he had heard thunder. He had never heard Mike scold so before: it was awful.

Now I will tell you how it all happened. Mike had got up on a stool to fix the halter on Snow-storm's head; and just as he had done it, and was about to get down, Snow-storm turned round, and bit him on the shoulder.

Snow-storm was only in fun; but he ought not to have done it. He made Mike tumble from the stool; but the boy was on his feet again in a moment, and then he began to scold in the way I have described.

Mike was not so angry, however, that he did not get over his anger very soon. Hero crept back, and put his nose up against his hand; Snow-storm put his head down, and began to munch hay; and Jenny was as quiet as a kitten.

Now I will tell you something about Mike. Although he scolded Snow-storm for biting him, Mike is a pretty good



boy. He is only thirteen years old, and he now takes the whole care of those two horses.

His father, who used to take care of them, fell sick about a month ago, and had to keep shut up in the house. Then Mike said, "Father, never you fret: I'll be hostler till you get well."

"Why, Mike, you are so short, you can't put the halter on Snow-storm's head."

"I can make myself taller by the height of a stool," said Mike. "Now, father, you stay at home, and let mother take care of you, and, when you are strong and hearty once more, you shall come back to the stable, and I will go back to school."

"Yes, that's the best plan; and Mike is a good son," said Mike's mother.

So it was agreed that Mike should take his father's place in the stable. Every Saturday night he brings home his wages, and gives them to his mother.

But, when Mike is with the horses, he means to work, and will not stand any fooling from them; and so when Snow-storm bit him, and made him fall from the stool, Mike gave the horse a good scolding.

I think that Snow-storm will not bite him again; for Snow-storm knows now it will not be safe for him to fool with Mike.

EMILY CARTER.





## TOMMY AND THE WOODCHUCK.

A PRETTY brown woodchuck once made a snug hole  
In a garden belonging to good Farmer Cole,  
Where every thing grew that was pleasant to eat,  
From big-headed cabbage, to jolly red beet.

There bloomed the gay flowers you all love so well,—  
The many-hued aster, the bonny blue bell,  
Pinks, daisies, and tulips ; while sun-flowers tall,  
Like yellow-haired sentinels, guarded the wall.

At the door of his house, on a carpet of green,  
The woodchuck oft sat, and surveyed the fair scene :  
“ This is truly a very fine garden ! ” quoth he,  
“ And doubtless ’twas planted on purpose for me.”

So he nibbled, and ate, and he rolled in the clover,  
As blithe as a lark, and as plump as a plover ;  
Or he slept in his hole, far from tumult and noise,  
Not worried by dogs, nor molested by boys.

Farmer Cole (worthy man !) saw him day after day ;  
But he never attempted to harm nor to slay :  
For said he, “ Since we’ve plenty, and God gave it all,  
We may well spare enough for a creature so small.”





Our hero at last took a fancy to roam  
Far away from the quiet seclusion of home ;  
And while on his travels, — oh, grievous to tell ! —  
A very unpleasant adventure befell.

Having climbed o'er the wall, through a field he must pass,  
Where buttercups sprinkled the tall waving grass ;  
While, hidden and lost in a cool, shady nook,  
Danced o'er the white pebbles a rollicking brook.

'Twas a pleasant enclosure, and under the trees  
The farmer's cow Brindle was grazing at ease ;  
Her tail as she ate, like a long-handled mop,  
Going flipperty-flopperty, flipperty-flop.

Now, little Tom Bowers, a mischievous elf,  
Who chanced to be fishing there all by himself,  
As bad luck would have it, the woodchuck espied,  
And, seizing the rifle which lay at his side,

Shouted, " Now for some fun ; for, as sure's I'm a sinner,  
I'll have that fine fellow served up for my dinner ! "  
But, when you're too certain, take heed lest you fail :  
Poor Tom missed his aim, and shot off the cow's tail !

The woodchuck sped home, nor behind him once glanced !  
With anger and pain Brindle capered and danced ;  
Then, plunging at Tommy, her horns fiercely shook,  
And tossed him, head foremost, right into the brook !

Tom scrambled out quickly, both sadder and wiser ;  
Old Brindle's tail grew in a way to surprise her ;  
And the woodchuck, content with his snug little hole,  
Never more left the garden of good Farmer Cole.

RUTH CHESTERFIELD.



### KIND MAMMA.

THIS is not the old woman who lived in a shoe :  
She has seven children, and knows what to do ;  
She gives them some honey on nice home-made bread ;  
She reads them a story, then puts them to bed.





## RULES FOR DOLLS.

A WOODEN-HEADED doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mamma's, lest she should break it.

A doll should try to keep away from the rockers, as the rocking-chair may break loose, and crush her. A crushed doll never regains her spirits.

A wax-doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

A rag-doll should try in every way to improve her mind. Knowledge is worth more than beauty.

Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

A doll should never be proud ; for what is she, after all, but a doll ? Also a doll should never be jealous when she sees another doll more finely dressed. Looks are nothing : behavior is all.

It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor too often, as stupid and heartless people are apt to tread on them. A doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.

A doll should never go out without her mamma's leave. Once there was a doll who had a beetle for a horse. She had a riding-dress that swept the ground ; and the shiny back of the beetle made a beautiful saddle.

This did very well while the doll rode in the baby-house ; but one day she thought she would ride in the fields. She did not ask her mamma.

Well, when she got into the fields, her beetle became quite wild. He saw other beetles at play ; and he saw fireflies and grasshoppers, and a toad that jumped as high as a dandelion. So he began to hop and jump too, and threw off the foolish little doll under some clover-leaves.

Here she might have lain until this very day, and have been rained upon, and may be snowed on ; but a chicken thought her yellow riding-dress was a lump of meal.

He pecked at her, and carried her to his mother hen in the coop. The hen made such a clucking, that the doll's mamma came out to see what was the matter ; and thus she saved her child.

MISS H.





## BOZ AT HOME.

Oh, you sly little birds! You come round here this cold winter-day to see what you can find to eat; do you?

You jump on my trough just as if you had a right to. You come into my little house, and pick up all the crumbs and bits of meat you can find. You jump up on the roof.

The snow is on the ground, and you find it hard to get as much food as you want. But why do you come to me? Why do you trouble old Boz? Why don't you go to Buff, the cat?

Ah! I know what you will say, you sly birds! You will say, "We don't care for old Boz. He can bark and scold; but he never bites. We are not afraid to jump on his back,

and pick out of his fur the seeds that the maid threw there when she fed the hens.

"Boz is afraid of us, you see, or he would not be so meek. He knows we are powerful birds, and so he treats us well. But as for Buff" —

Yes, you sly little birds. You impose on old Boz because he is a soft-hearted old dog, who likes to hear little birds chirp and sing. He likes to have you come and pick up his crumbs, and sip out of his trough.

Hark! What was that noise? Ah! You hear somebody say, "Meeoo!" and you think it is time to fly off. Well, you are right in keeping out of Buff's way. He is so fond of birds that he eats them. Good-by! Come again soon. Old Boz will share his last crumb with you, you dear little things.

THE DOG BOZ.



## THE HOUSE-MOUSE AND THE WOOD-MOUSE.

You all know the house-mouse that runs about in our closets, and nibbles our cheese, and gets caught in traps; but

Do you know the little wood-mouse, —

That pretty little thing  
That sits among the forest-leaves,  
Beside the forest-spring?

Its fur is red as the red chestnut,  
And it is small and slim:  
It leads a life most innocent  
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,  
And seldom comes in sight:

It has a long and wiry tail,  
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its nest of soft dry moss  
In a hole so deep and strong;  
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,  
The dreary winter long.

And, though it keeps no calendar,  
It knows when flowers are springing,  
And waketh to its summer-life  
When forest-birds are singing.

Look at the picture of a wood-mouse, and then read this story, which is translated for you from the Norwegian,—



a language spoken in Norway, a cold country in the northern part of Europe.

A house-mouse and a wood-mouse once met, and invited each other to a visit. The house-mouse was to go first to the wood-mouse : so the wood-mouse made her house, which was at the foot of a fir-tree, look as nice as she could, and took home some roots and berry-buds for dinner.

Then the house-mouse came and tapped at the door, and courtesied like a lady ; and the visit began. Of course, *company* must like what is set before them : and so the house-mouse tried to eat ; but it was hard work, and, to do her best, she couldn't chat as much as at other times.

Next day it was the house-mouse's turn to have company. She lived in a granary, and had heaped up a nice pile of barley and wheat and rye, and bits of cake, and pork, and

ends of candle. And then the wood-mouse came; and so her visit began.

The wood-mouse had never before had such a dinner; and the house-mouse had to tell how she came by such nice things. She told about the pantry and the kitchen and the cupboard, which last was so hard to get into.

But, just as they were saying how much better it was to live here than in the wood, they heard some one come slyly over the straw.

"Hush, hush! there comes Sheriff Cat," said the hostess. So they sat still, hardly daring to breathe; but, before they knew it, the sheriff was standing right over them.

"Who are you, mussing up my granary?" said he.

"Only two little mice," said the house-mouse.

"What are you doing here?"

"Only having a little dinner."

"Eating up all my grain!"

"Oh, no! We have taken only what was lying loose."

"I am going to take you now."

"Oh, no! Don't take us," said the house-mouse, "and we will tell you a story."

"Let me hear it, then," said the sheriff.

"Once there was a little bird" —

"Well, what did he do?"

"He was going to sweep the floor," —

"Then he was very neat," —

"And he found a dime."

"Then he wasn't poor."

"So he bought a tiny piece of sausage."

"Then he had enough to eat."

"He put it on the coals to fry."

"Then he didn't eat it raw."

"He laid it on the door-sill to cool."

"Then he didn't mean to get burnt."

"But the cat came and snatched it"—

"And so shall I snatch you," replied Sheriff Cat.

But the wood-mouse ran quickly away, and didn't stop until safe under the root of the fir-tree. She was so scared, that she did not dare to come out again until she was so thin and hungry that she could hardly creep; and she resolved never more to visit the granary.

And what became of the house-mouse? That is for you to guess.

CARL LARSEN.



## DOGS THAT WORK.

PEOPLE sometimes talk about "working like a dog;" but it is seldom we see a dog do any thing like work. If one carries a cane or an umbrella or a package, he is looked at as a curiosity. Once in a while, some boy teaches his dog to draw a little wagon, and I have heard of dogs that churned.

Generally, though, in this country, dogs have a very lazy life: all that is expected of them is to drive cattle from the field, or to get the cows at night. Many dogs do not even do so much as that. They only watch at night.

But there are countries where they work as hard as team-horses. In Germany, and in other parts of Europe, dogs are harnessed to little carts filled with wood, coal, or other things; and all day long they draw loads that are often very heavy for them.

The poor things are lean and tired, and, whenever they get a chance, are glad to sit and hang out their tongues, and pant from weariness. They are not fed as our house and



farm dogs are, but get a scanty living ; for their owners live poorly, and work hard themselves.

If these dogs knew what easy lives dogs have in America, I wonder if they would not try to get here. How strange it would be to see ships come to Boston and New York filled with tired dogs from Europe !

Then, again, away up north, where it is so cold that the snow never leaves the ground bare, dogs are used, as we use horses, to draw people and their baggage on sleds for miles and miles.

Of course it takes a number of dogs, generally six or eight, to draw one sled. They are fierce, and I do not think little children would enjoy playing with them ; but they are strong, too, and take a sled very swiftly over the frozen snow.

How would you like to be drawn to school some bright winter morning by a team of dogs ?

BISHOP.

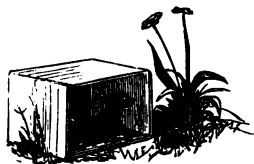


## WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.



My window was up stairs; and I could look down upon the yard below. One day I saw a little girl sweeping off the walks. She picked up all the little sticks, and swept away the dead leaves.

She put the leaves and sticks in one corner. By and by the walks looked very clean and nice. Her work was well done.



Down in the yard was a little black dog. He was very funny, and frolicked with the leaves and the strings which he found on the ground. In one corner of the yard was a box,

with a piece of an old carpet laid on the bottom of it.

This was the bed where the little dog lay down to rest and to sleep. If he thought he heard any thing wrong near the house, he would jump up, and bark.

Down in the street, I saw some girls driving hoop. They were driving their hoops very fast on the sidewalk.



An old lady was going along with a bundle. I was afraid a hoop would roll against her, and hurt her; but it did not, though it came near tripping her up.

You cannot always tell where the hoop will roll. So little girls must take care.



## THE MERRY BIRDS.

Words from the Atlantic Monthly.

Music by T. CRAMPTON, BRENTFORD, LONDON, W.

*mf Moderato.*

*p*

1. A flock of merry singing birds were sporting in the grove, Some were warbling

*Cres.* *p*

cheer i - ly, and some were making love; There were Bobalincon, Wadolincon, Whiskodinkle,

*Cres.* *f*

Wintersceble; Such a lively set was never led by pipe or fid-dle, Singing wee, wee,

*p*

Wad-o-lin-con, see, see, Bob-a-lin-con. Down among the tickle tops, hiding in the

*Cres.*

but-ter-cups, Bob-bing in the clo-ver blos-soms, see, see, see!

2 Oh what a merry, happy life o'er hill and dale to play!  
Rest upon the apple-boughs, then chirping fly away;  
Now they gambol o'er the clearing,  
Off again, and then appearing,

Perch'd aloft on quiv'ring wing,  
See now they're soaring, now they're singing,  
Crying wee, wee, &c.



OUR AUCTION.

## OUR AUCTION.



N auction was held in our kitchen last Monday, for the purpose of ridding the shelves and pantry of what the cook called "rubbish." Mamma and all the children were present as bidders, and Mary the nurse-maid was auctioneer.

The bidding opened briskly, for a long iron spoon, which was knocked down for twenty dollars, sham currency, to Tom, who meant to use it in the garden as a spade.

An old bread-pan fell to Hatty, no one bidding against her. She said it would do for her doll to ride in.

A stew-pan was bought for "Trotty," our two-year old, who had looked wistfully at it, and who was at once crowned with it by Tom. But Trotty flung it to the farthest corner; that being, as he thought, a better place for it than the top of his head.

Several other articles were sold without much competition, when Mary, the auctioneer, said, that, as every one seemed too busy to care for the baby, he would be offered for sale too.

So she held the dimpled, six-months-old beauty up to be seen; and the bidding for him was started by the cook at five dollars. Aunt Susan made it twenty-five; Tom boldly called out "fifty;" and the bids went up to five hundred dollars.

There the bidding stopped for some time, no one seeming ready to give more; but the baby smiled so sweetly, that papa, who had just arrived, offered "one thousand dollars."

The auctioneer called, "Going for one thousand dollars, one thousand, one thousand; I am offered only one thousand dollars for this beautiful baby; going, going, going, going"—

Then mamma struck in with a bid of five million dollars, and the property was at once handed over to her.

So mamma carried the baby off triumphantly, saying, "that for once she had made a real bargain."

I think you would say so too, if you could see him.

MOTHER HUBBARD.



### WISHES.

So Nell, she wants a pony  
To ride adown the lane;  
And Ned, a gallant vessel  
To sail across the main.

Now, grandpapa has neither,  
But offers each a knee;  
And one shall be an Arab steed,  
And one a ship at sea.

A. D. W.



## HENRY'S VOYAGE TO GREENLAND.

Not long ago, a boy named Henry teased his father to let him go to sea. Henry had an uncle who was captain of a ship, and this uncle was going on a voyage to Greenland.

Now, Greenland is a very cold country, far, far, to the north of us. The rocks and hills there are covered with snow and ice almost all the time. Along the shore large hills of ice, called icebergs, are formed; and these break away, and float off to the south, and there melt in the ocean.

Henry went to sea with his uncle, in the good ship "Banner." They had not been out two weeks before they passed a large iceberg. It shone and sparkled in the light of the rising sun, and Henry looked at it a long while with wonder; for it was much higher than the ship, and rose in sharp pinacles white and glittering.

When they came in sight of the coast of Greenland, Henry's uncle took him in a boat, with three of the sailors, to the shore. They left the boat in a little cove, and went up on the land, and there saw some foxes.





Then they went on to the ice that surrounded a part of the shore ; for Henry's uncle saw some ducks there, and thought he could shoot them, but they flew away before he could take aim.

The weather now grew very cold ; and, going back to their boat, they found that the water about it was frozen so that they could not move it. What should they do now ?

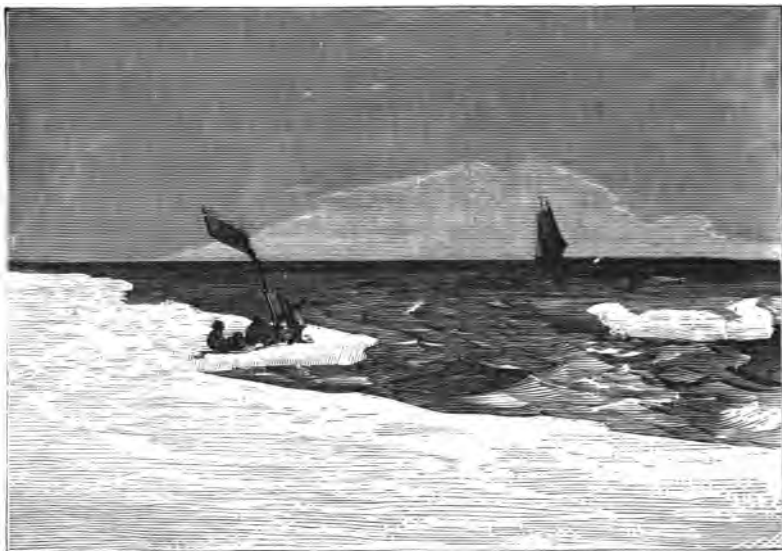
I will tell you what they did. They went to the edge of the ice, and made a signal to the men in the ship to come with another boat, and take them off.

As Henry sat there shivering on the ice, he thought of his nice warm home, and wished he was back in it before a good wood-fire. But his uncle laughed at him, and told him that the thermometer was at only thirty degrees below zero.

"I should think that was cold enough," said Henry. "I wish those fellows in the ship would hurry along with that boat ; for we shall all freeze if we have to stay here much longer."

Then Henry saw two seals float by on a cake of ice, and he was so busy watching them, that he forgot he was cold ;





and, when he looked up, he saw a boat coming from the ship.

Soon it was near enough to take them off from the ice, and they found plenty of coats and blankets in the boat to keep them warm.

Glad enough was Henry to get back into the warm cabin of the good ship "Banner." The steward soon brought them all some hot tea, and they ate a nice supper.

The next day, they went on shore with axes, and cut out the boat that was nipped in the ice, and dragged it over the ice till they could float it in open water. Then they all set sail for the port of Fiskernaes.

UNCLE CHARLES.



## ITS VERY BEST.

THE snow-flakes fall like thistle-down ;  
The wind blows cold without :  
There's not one thing that seems like spring  
But this potato-sprout !  
And this is but a sorry sight,  
It looks so weak and thin and white.  
"Oh, yes !" says the potato-sprout,  
"I've never had the light ;  
Yet, poorly as I look, I know  
I've tried my very best to grow.

"When dropped the red and yellow leaves,  
The farm-boy threw me in  
The very darkest corner of  
The darkest cellar-bin.  
I did not see one sunny ray ;  
I could not tell the night from day :  
But, when long weeks had worn away,  
I felt it must be spring, and so  
I tried my very best to grow.

"Could I be planted in the ground,  
And feel the sun and showers,  
I should rise tall and straight and green,  
And have a crown of flowers.  
Oh ! judge me not by what you see :  
I am not what I want to be !  
The sun has never shone for me ;  
But in the dark, at least, I know,  
I've tried my very best to grow."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



## THE NURSERY ELF.

DEAR little feet, how you wander and wander,  
Little twin truants, so fleet!  
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder  
Over the things that you meet!

Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter  
Over your innocent joys!  
Oh! but the house is alive with your clatter, —  
Shaking, indeed, with your noise.

Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?  
Is there no end to your fun?  
Soon the "old sand-man" will sprinkle you over,  
Then the day's frolic is done.

Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,  
Closer the dark shadows creep;  
Come like a bird that is weary of flying;  
Come, let me sing you to sleep.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



## A BIRD STORY.

MOTHER read to me the "Queer Pony" story in my "Nursery." Now I want to tell you about the queer Columbus birds; for that is a true story too.

A bird made her nest near our window, — so near, that we could watch her bright eyes all day, and count the eggs in her soft snug home. After a while, there were four or five young birds in the nest, to be fed and kept warm.

One morning we heard a great talking and coaxing in the nest. The mother-bird had found a more beautiful place on the other side of the hedge, where the trees were so thick, that little birds could nestle in them without being seen. So she begged them all to fly over there. One after another went off with the mother, until, at last, all were gone but one little timid fellow, who was "too afraid." His wings would not spread, and he could not go.

What was to be done? The mother-bird gave a sweet

whistle, and the father-bird came. He knew just what to do.

The two old birds put their heads together for a moment. Then they seemed to say to the timid little one, "Be still: we'll carry you." Then they both seized him with their bills, and away they flew to the new home in grandma's thickest evergreen.

Now, this is my "true story," and I think it most as good as the "Queer Pony."

MATTIE.

DELAWARE, O.



## WHAT THE CAT SAW.

THE folks had left the dinner-table. There was nobody in the room but a cat, — a black cat; and her name was Sly.

She had been lying under the table with her chin on her paws; but, as soon as the chairs were empty she leaped up on the table to see what she could find.

There was a large jar on the cloth. She looked into it. "Pooh! currant-jelly!" thought she: "I don't care for sweet things. Why couldn't they have had some fish? These plates look as if they had been licked clean. What appetites some people have!"

Then Sly found some bits of bread and potato on the table-cloth, and she was not slow in making them disappear down her throat.

"What's in this goblet?" thought she. "Claret and water! Why will folks drink wine? Why can't they have some good sweet milk? See those decanters! I've a great mind to knock them over."

But just then Sly heard a noise of footsteps; and she jumped down, and hid under the table.



It was only that bad boy Walter, and his sister Kate. "Here's luck!" cried Walter. "Look, Kate! jelly! Isn't this jolly?"

"Aunt Jane will not like it if we taste the jelly," said Kate.

"It isn't Aunt Jane's jelly; it is my mother's jelly," said Walter: "and my mother always lets me take jelly when I have a sore throat."

Here Sly, the cat, jumped up on a stool, put a fore-paw on the table, and looked as if she wanted to say something.

"Well, what is it, old Sly?" said Walter. "You would like to tell of us if you could; wouldn't you, you old thief?"

To this rude speech Sly scorned to make any reply.

Then Walter seized a spoon, and, dipping it into the jar, took out some jelly, and gave it to Kate. Then he thrust the spoon in again, and was about putting it into his own mouth, when who should come in but Aunt Jane !

Sly was down and under the table in a flash. Walter dropped the spoon, and Kate sank back into a chair.

"You bad children !" said Aunt Jane. "Is this the way you act when your mother is away ? I shall now punish both of you : you, John, shall stand in the corner half an hour ; and you, Kate, shall not play with your doll for the rest of the day."

The cat Sly trembled in every joint when she heard this ; for she knew that she too had been bad, having jumped on the table, which was against the rule.

But Aunt Jane did not see the cat ; and so Sly was the only one of the three that was not punished.

"Good for me !" thought Sly, as Aunt Jane put away the jelly, and led the little boy and girl out of the dining-room.

"What bad children to take things without leave !" thought Sly. Then, seeing a closet-door open, she jumped up on a shelf, and got a chicken-bone. It was found under the table the next morning by the maid ; but there was no meat on it. The maid knew that Sly had picked the bone ; but she never knew that the same Sly's nose had been in the bowl of milk that was standing in the closet.

UNCLE CHARLES.



## LEARNING TO COUNT.

LEAVE your dollies, my little Annie,  
I'll teach you the numbers, one, two, three.  
*One*, — I have one little darling,  
One little girl : who can she be ?

*Two* are my birdie's bright blue eyes,  
Little stars that twinkle and shine ;  
*Three*, — yes, three years old is Annie, —  
Three years old this pet of mine.

*Four*, — that stands for four small fingers  
That hold my great one firm and tight ;  
*Five*, — the toes on this foot so busy,  
Running about from morn till night.

*Six* kind aunties love my darling ;  
*Seven* sugar-plums, white and red,  
Shall be hers, if she learns this lesson ;  
*Eight* are the curls on her little head.

*Nine* are her dolls, — Kate, Polly, and Susan,  
Lucy and Effie, Grace, Charlie, and Ben,  
And pretty Louisa, that sweet little dolly !  
Of thumbs and fingers my darling has *ten*.

*One hundred* the questions she asks each hour ;  
*One thousand* the steps that she takes each day ;  
*One million* blessings I wish for dear Annie :  
Her lesson is over, she skips away.



## THE DOG AND THE GOOSE.



Two geese lived on a pond, and had a nice little cottage in the middle of it. The geese thought it was a very pleasant home.



But there is now only one goose left; and she lives all alone. The other one was found dead not far from the pond. Perhaps some large dog killed him.



Here is a boy coming to the pond to play. He tosses sticks and stones into the water; but the goose does not like such fun as that.

The boy has a little black dog: he likes to play also. See! he is barking at the goose. He does this for fun. But the goose does not like the dog: the goose thinks that the dog is very naughty.



But the little dog keeps barking; and so the goose thinks she will teach him to do better. She flies right at the naughty dog, and scares him.



The boy takes a stick, and runs after the goose. But the little black dog had better take care, and not be so saucy another time.



## A STORMY DAY AT HOME.

ELLA lives in a small town about fifty miles from a great city. Last week her Cousin Alfred came to make her and his aunt a visit. He brought a pair of skates for Ella, and they had fine sport on the ice.

But one day they were kept in-doors by a rain-storm. After they had looked through the last two numbers of "The Nursery," and studied the pictures, Alfred played he was Joe, the boy who did not like study.

Alfred sat down at a desk, placed a book before him, and then put his hand up to his head, and pouted, — just as you may see Joe doing on page nineteen of our January number.

Ella laughed well to see how closely Joe was imitated by her cousin; and she cried out, —

"He doesn't like study, he doesn't like study,  
He doesn't like study at all."

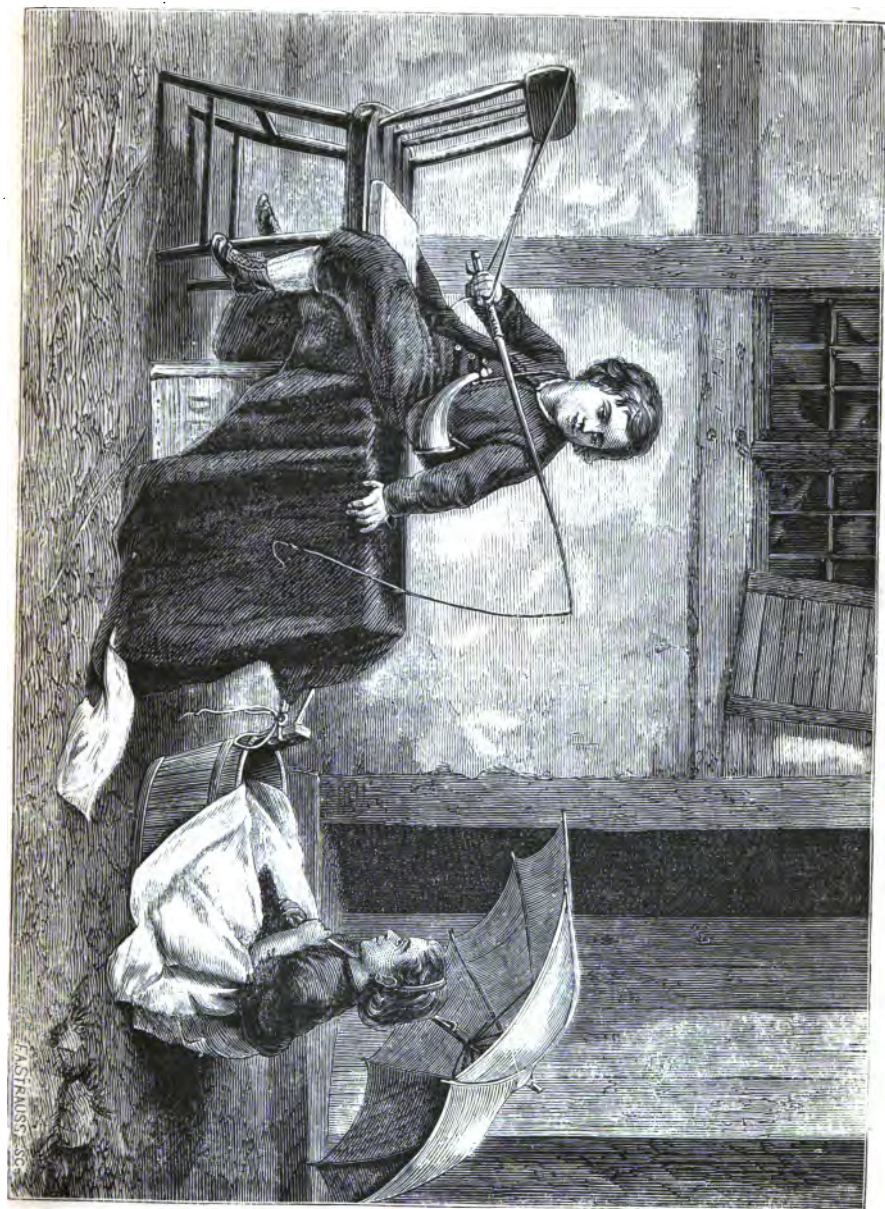
Then Ella took a bowl and a spoon, and put herself in the attitude of Miss Muffet, on page forty-five of the February number. "Now, who is this?" cried she.

"Oh! I know; but where is the spider?" said Alfred. "Come, I will play the spider," added he.

Then he put a black glove on his hand, and made it crawl up to Miss Muffet till he frightened her away.

"Did you ever ride on a drosky?" asked Alfred. "No, of course, you never did, because you don't have droskies in America. But come into the wash-room with me, and I will show you what it is to ride on a drosky."

So they went into the wash-room; and Alfred took a large box, and threw a table-cloth over it. Then he placed a board so that it rested partly on the box, and partly on a chair.



"This chair, you must know, is my horse," said he. "The drosky is a vehicle with four wheels, and is used a good deal in Russia. The driver sits astride in this way on a sort of bench; and the man he is driving sits behind him in the same way.

"But there are some droskies made for ladies to ride in; and these have a proper seat behind. Here, I will rig up something so that you can get an idea of what a lady's drosky is."

Alfred looked round, and pulled out a wash-tub from under a shelf. This he tied to the box. "Now, jump in," said he, "and, since it rains, take your umbrella. Two wheels are under the box, and two under the tub. Remember that. And this is a fine bay horse in front of me. Don't say you can't see him."

"I should think he would kick, with that board on his back," said Ella.

"Oh! the board isn't on his back. Where are your eyes?" said Alfred. "Now, then, are you ready? If so, I will blow my horn, and off we will go."

But no sooner were they seated for a drive than the dinner-bell rang, and Ella jumped up to go.

"Please pay the driver his fare," cried Alfred.

"Well, I will, if you get into the dining-room before I do," said Ella, starting on a run.

Alfred ran after her, and snapped his whip, but failed to catch up with his cousin. So the driver had to go without his fare.

The next day the ponds were all frozen; and Alfred took his sled on the ice, and dragged his cousin over it a distance of a mile. He had on his skates, and so could move swiftly.

"This is better than riding in a drosky," said Ella.



## THE WISE SWANS.

“SEE those swans! How high up on the bank they have built their nests! Why do they build them so high? There are places on the meadow near by, with plenty of thick high grass, where they might have made their nests.”

Such were the words of a little boy on a fine day in spring, when he was walking out with his mother by the side of a small river.

His mother said to him, “I do not know why the swans have made their nests so high up; but perhaps one of these days we shall find out.”

A week after this talk about the swans, a heavy rain-storm came on in the village where this little boy and his mother dwelt.

For three days it rained almost all the time. The wells and cisterns were all filled, and the brooks and streams rose till they overflowed their banks.

Then the mother of the little boy told him to come up stairs, and look from the chamber-window, through a spy-glass, at the river where they had seen the swans.

He looked, and saw that the river had been swollen so by the rains, that it had risen high above its banks where they were low; but, where the swans had built their nest, no harm had been done. The nest was high and dry above the rushing waters.

"Now you see what the swans meant by building their nest so high," said the mother.

"Yes, I see," said the little boy; "but how did the swans find out that we were going to have such a rain-storm?"

"Ah! we must study the works of God in order to guess at that," replied the mother.

EMILY CARTER.



## HOW BAREFOOT WAS FOUND OUT.

BAREFOOT is our oldest biddy of them all; and shouldn't you think she would know better than to hide her nest, and try to cheat us out of her eggs? But she *did* hide it; and,

though all the boys looked and looked, they could not find out where she had put it.

Sly old Biddy Barefoot! Every morning, when little Nelly and her brother Jack fed the hens, Barefoot would come running with the rest, and take more than her part, if she could get it. Then Jack would say, "Old Biddy Barefoot, aren't you ashamed not to pay your board? Aren't you ashamed to hide your eggs after such a breakfast as that?"

Now, one day Nelly called old Rover, took her little pail in her hand, her oldest dolly (which was all legs, and no head) under one arm, and went out to pick strawberries. Old Rover kept close to her. Sometimes she picked daisy-tops; sometimes she picked clover-heads; sometimes she picked strawberries; and all the time she sang to herself.

But by and by, as she stooped down beside some thick bushes, what do you think she saw in under the shade?

Ten great white eggs! *Now* Biddy Barefoot was found out; wasn't she?

Nelly ran quick to tell Jack; and before noon her mamma had made up all the eggs into custards and cake, with white caps on, because the minister was coming to tea.

And didn't Nelly have a beautiful little cake too, baked all for herself? Guess how it looked.

E. B.







## BABY'S FALL.

MOTHER is coming; do not cry ;  
Baby's bruises never last long :  
It shall have a band on its little head,  
And be rocked to sleep with a pretty song.

There, my darling! And so, my sweet!  
Pat mother's breast with the little hand:  
Baby must wait a few days more  
Before she ventures alone to stand.

Dear little cheeks all wet with tears!  
Poor little bosom beating with fright!  
Troubles are small, my baby-girl:  
That will be over before the night.

J. A. S.



## THE SKATERS.

THE boys of our school had a fine time skating the last cold day. One boy ventured on a thin piece of ice, and fell through into the water. We had a hard time getting him out; but at last we succeeded.

Look out for thin places, boys! Don't venture on those spots marked *dangerous*.

EDWARD C—.



## WILLY AND NILLY.

I KNOW two boys, each of whom has a sister, and each sister has a doll. One of these boys is named Wilson, and the other Nilson; but they are generally known as Willy and Nilly.

The boy in the picture is Willy. If Nilly ever deserves to be put into a picture, we will put him there; but he will have to improve a good deal first.

I will tell you how he acts. He sees that his sister Mary is very fond of her doll Blue-Eyes: so what does he do but try to plague Mary all he can.

Sometimes he will place Blue-Eyes high up out of Mary's

reach on a shelf, or hang her by the foot to the bough of a tall tree. Sometimes he will tie her to the dog's back, and then send the dog running over the fields or into puddles.

Mary will cry, and beg him not to do so; but this bad boy Nilly will not heed her cries: he likes to see her worried about her doll. "Before I would give so much time to a stupid doll," said he, "I would burn her up."

"I give no more time to my doll than you give to your sled and your kite," said Mary. "I wish, Nilly, you would learn to love Blue-Eyes as I do!"

At this Nilly burst into a loud laugh, and, seizing the doll, threw it high up into the air, and let it fall on the damp grass. "That's how I love her," said he.

But the worst thing he did was to hold the doll's wax face to the fire till its nose was all melted off. For this act Nilly was punished by his mother: he was not allowed to eat at the table with the rest of the family for a whole month.

Now, let us turn from this bad brother to a very different sort of boy. Willy works hard in the fields, for his parents are poor; but he loves his sister Grace so dearly, that he does every thing he can to please her.

If he sees her tending her doll, and making believe that the doll is sick, Willy will rap at the door, and ask if Dr. Brown is not wanted.

"Oh, yes! come in, doctor!" Grace will reply.

Then Willy will come in, and feel of the doll's pulse, and order some medicine. You may guess from the picture what the brother and sister are saying to each other.

Now, which would you be, — like Nilly, or like Willy? Is it not better to show love and kindness to one's sister than to plague and worry her? Are not kindness and sympathy always much better than selfishness and a sour temper?



### BIRDIE'S BAD DREAM.

AUNT ANNIE was getting ready for bed one night. It rained very hard ; and there was thunder, with sharp flashes of lightning. The window was open ; but the blinds were shut.

Suddenly she thought she heard something say, "Chirp, chirp!" outside the shutters, and a little tap, tap, against them. She waited, and listened a moment ; and then it came again, — a sharp little cry, — "Weet, weet!"

She opened the shutters, and in flew a little yellow-bird. He had been fast asleep in some high tree, when the bright flashes and the loud rain woke him up, and frightened him, so that he came to the window, and begged to be let in.

I think he must have felt just as you do when you have a bad dream, and want to creep into mamma's bed. Perhaps he thought his house was on fire, or that the flood had come again.

But, when he got in, the gaslight and the strange place frightened him still more. He flew round and round the ceiling, until Aunt Annie was afraid he would batter himself to death.

She had turned the gas down very low, so as to quiet him, when he dashed into it, and put it out; but he did not burn himself.

Aunt Annie put a towel over the water-pitcher, so that he could not fall in, and she took care to move about very softly. Presently, the poor little fellow, finding that nobody wanted to hurt him, settled down on the gas-fixture at the head of the bed, folded his tired wings, tucked his little head (which must have ached, I am sure, from the bumps he had given it) under his feathers, and went to sleep. He looked very queer indeed, — just as though he had no head. Here is a picture of birdie asleep.

His tiny claws could just clasp nicely round the smooth perch he had chosen.

Aunt Annie left the shutters and the window both open, while birdie slept all night on this funny roost; and, when the bright summer-morning came, he flew out into the fresh air, before anybody was awake. Away he went; and we never saw him again.

How astonished he must have been, when he opened his eyes, to find himself in a bedroom, sitting on a gas-fixture! I guess he must have thought to himself —



“How did I come here?  
I went to sleep last night in a tree;  
And, how I got here, I do not see.”

ELIZABETH SILL.





## BABY BETH.

BABY BETH loves dearly to kiss. When she wakes up from her nap, she kisses her mamma five or six times.

Sometimes her papa gets down on his hands, and plays dog. He looks so big, and barks so hard, that he almost frightens Beth. She runs to her mamma; and, when she has hold of her dress, she feels safe.

Then she will put out her little hand, and pat her papa on the head just as if he were really a dog; and, when he barks very hard, she will put up her little face to kiss him as if she thought she must kiss and pat him, or he would bite her.

Beth has three dolls, — a big one, a middle-sized one, and a little one. She kisses them all every day, and makes them kiss each other. She wants mamma to kiss them too.

See Baby Beth in the picture, holding up her middle-sized dolly for her papa to kiss. Papa is busy reading, and does not seem to hear her; but in a minute he will put down his book, and give dolly a kiss.

Then he will kiss Baby Beth a great many times. Then he will say, "Bow-wow-wow!" and Beth will say, "Bow-wow-wow!" and the frolic will begin.

ELIZABETH.



### THE RIDE.

SAY, what do you think of my wagon?

We're all going out for a drive, —

Tab, Nellie, and Georgie, and I, sir;

And Bessie the baby makes five.

Crack, crack! goes my whip, and we're starting:

We'll call and see old Madam Hen,

And perhaps leave our cards for the chickens,

And then right away home again.

Perhaps you can come with us next time;

That is, if our wagon's not full.

But good-by, for my horse wants to trot, sir:

Oh, dear me! how hard he does pull!

G.





## LAZY DICK.

A FRIEND of mine in the city has a dog named Dick. My friend's parents live three or four miles out of town; and Dick is very fond of visiting them, as they are in the habit of saving choice bits of food for his supper.

For some time Dick never made his visits except in company with a member of the family; but, after a while, he began to go away alone, about once a week, spending the whole day, and returning at night.

To the question, "Where have you been, sir?" he gave no other reply than a satisfied bark, which seemed to mean that he had been having a good time.

At last his mistress determined to watch him; and one morning, as he left the house, she followed him at a distance, so that he did not notice her.

Dick ran to the corner of a street through which the horse-cars passed every half-hour, for the home of his friends in the country. Here he sat down and waited; and, as soon as the right car came along, he jumped into it boldly, and took a seat with the other passengers.

On inquiring of the conductor, Dick's mistress learned that he had been in the habit of riding out in the morning, and back at night, for some time.

He never failed to get in and out of the car at the right place; but, whether he remembered to pay his fare or not, I cannot tell you.

Now, if any of my little readers can inform me how Dick knew what car to take, and where to get out, I would be very glad to know.

AUNT MERCY.



## ALLYN AND HIS DAISY.

SOME days ago our baby-boy Allyn was playing alone with his cat. The cat's name is Daisy. She is every bit white, except the tip of her tail and the blue ribbon around her neck.

Now Lyn, as we call him, thought he would have a game with his kit: so he placed her two fore-paws down on the lounge; and, putting his little white finger by the side of them, he began, —

"Eena, meena, mona, mi,  
Butter, lever, bony, stri,  
Hair, bit, broff, nack,  
Hacker-wacker, wee-wo-wack."



The last word came on pussy's paw: so Lyn said, "Go off to the corner, Daisy." The white kit jumped down, and ran into the corner, under the table.

"Well," said the little boy, "which would you rather ride on,—a horse, or an elephant?" Then, changing his voice to a low tone, he replied for the kitty, "Horse!"—"Then I will bring you," said he; and he ran for the kitty.



A little while after, we saw Allyn sitting on his wheelbarrow, with puss on the floor in front of him, while he was "driving her to Boston." We thought it would make a nice picture to send to "The Nursery"! So here it is.

SALEM, OREGON.

AUNT BELLE.



EMILY'S STORY.

## EMILY'S STORY.



“NOW tell me a story, my own mother,” said little Emily.

“But do you not see, Emily, that I am reading? It is not polite to disturb one who is reading,” said her mother.

“And it is not polite to read in company,” said Emily.

“What!” said her mother, laughing, “must I look upon my little Emily as company?”

“But do you not see this fine lady on the sofa, who has come to make you a visit?” asked Emily.

“Oh! Miss Lily, your proud doll, must be treated as company, and entertained; must she?” asked mamma.

“Yes, mother: so tell us a story,” said the little girl.

Mamma could not refuse Emily any longer. “I will tell you,” said she, “the story of

### “THE LITTLE GIRL WHO ENTERTAINED HERSELF.”

“Once there was a little girl named Hope, who had a bad fall from the top of the stairs, and hurt herself so much, that she could not walk, but had to be dragged round in a little carriage.

“On fine sunny days in spring, they would drag her in the carriage out on the lawn; and then Hope would say, ‘Now leave me, for I can entertain myself.’

“But how did the little girl entertain herself? She had no books, no pictures, no toys, no doll,—nothing but some crumbs and some canary-seed in a bag.

“This is what she did: she made the acquaintance of some little birds,—blue-birds, yellow-birds, and gray sparrows, to whom she gave the crumbs and the seed.

"By and by, they grew so tame and so bold, that they would fly up on her lap, and eat; and at last they would stand on her finger, and peck up the seed from the hollow of her hand.

"But there was a little sparrow to whom Hope had given the name of Tot; and he was so quarrelsome, that she had to scold him. He wanted to drive off all the blue-birds and yellow-birds, so that none but gray-birds should have the seed. He was a Know-nothing, you see.

"He was so bold, that he was not at all afraid of Hope. Once, when she had a bit of bread in her mouth, Tot flew up and pecked at her lips, as much as to say, 'Give me that bit of bread: I want it myself.' Was he not a saucy bird?

"Hope laughed a good deal to see Tot so eager. But she did not punish him. She only talked to him, and tried to teach him to be good to birds of a different color from himself.

"When it grew near to sunset, and the birds had to fly away to their nests, Hope would watch the clouds, and try to see the evening star. Then her mother would come and take her into the house, and give her some bread and milk.

"The sunshine and the fresh air did her so much good, that Hope at last began to grow strong, and at last she could walk as well as anybody.

"The birds were frightened, at first, to see her walk; but they soon found that she was their own dear little Hope, and then they would light on her shoulder, and be as fearless and free as when she had to sit all the time in her carriage.

"When Hope grew quite well, she did not lose the habit of learning to entertain herself. She loved the birds and the flowers and the trees so much, that she found them always good company.

"While her mother was occupied, Hope never had to go and tease her to tell her a story. She wanted no better stories, you see, than the birds and the flowers and the trees could tell her. You must try to do as Hope did."

EMILY CARTER.



### A TALK ABOUT THE MOON.

"THERE, don't you see those dark places on the moon? I do," said Henry.

"Those," said his mother, "are mountains, with deep caverns, or valleys, by their side.

"Nobody can live in the moon, because an atmosphere is needed to sustain life; and the moon has no atmosphere.

"The air we breathe is the atmosphere about our earth; and, if it were not for the air, we could not breathe at all.

"When a man goes very high up in a balloon, he gets nearer and nearer to the place where our atmosphere ends;

and then he finds he can't breathe as well as he could down near the earth.

"The moon is not nearly as large as our earth ; but it is four hundred times nearer to us than the sun is. No water and no clouds are to be seen on the moon. It must be a very dry place there.

"The moon we now see is a *full* moon. Soon she will begin to *wane* ; then she will get between us and the sun, so that we cannot see her bright side. She is then said to *change*.

"Days will pass by, and at last she will turn a bright edge toward us ; and that we call a *new moon*. This will grow in breadth till we have a *half moon* ; and, not long afterwards, we shall have the dear old friend we are now looking at — the full moon — back again."

ALFRED SELWYN.

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## TOT'S ALMANAC.

WHEN January's here,  
Snow-men appear ;  
While February's waiting,  
We'll have some skating.

When March comes this way,  
Breezes are at play ;  
During April hours  
Expect sun-showers.

When May-flowers hide,  
Search far and wide !  
When the year's at June,  
Half the world's in tune.

While July stays,  
Flies have curious ways ;  
When August comes,  
Look out for plums !

While September wears,  
Help get in the pears ;  
When October grieves,  
Help bind up the sheaves.

Ere November flies,  
You shall see mince-pies ;  
When December's knocking,  
Then hang up your stocking.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.





## THE DUCK AND HER FAMILY.

HERE is a picture of a fine brood of ducks. The mother-duck has no trouble in teaching her young ones to swim. They take to the water as readily as she does.

But I have a true story to tell you about one youngster in a brood of ducks, that never could learn to swim.

Once upon a time, a dear, kind lady, who lived in the country, had a tea-party for her nieces and nephews. They came early. There were four little girls and four little boys.

Before the tea was ready, she asked them if they would not like to go to the poultry-yard, and see the chickens and ducks. The chickens lived in the yard, and were very happy to stay there; but the ducks liked to waddle off to a pond not very far away, where they amused themselves by swimming about, and sticking their long bills into the mud.

Well, when the little boys and girls went to look at the ducks, what should they see but a little chicken riding round and round the pond on the old mother-duck's back !

This made them laugh very much ; and, when they asked their aunt to explain such a funny sight to them, she said, that, when the old duck was ready to sit, one chicken-egg had been put in the nest with the duck-eggs : so with the brood of ducks there was hatched one chicken, which the mother-duck attended to just the same as she did to her ducklings.

In course of time, when their feathers were well enough grown, the mother coaxed them all to go to the water, telling them, in duck-language, that it was good for them to swim, and that all they had to do was to put one foot before the other, and dip their heads under the water, and splash it up over them, and that they would find it very cool and nice.

The little ducklings tried it, and found it all their mother had told them ; but our poor little chicken felt afraid of being drowned, as it surely would have been had it tried to do as the little ducks did.

Then it seemed as if the mother-duck and the chicken had a long talk ; and the duck appeared to say, " My dear little child, while I go and take a swim with your brothers and sisters, I cannot let you stay here all alone. You must go with us ; and as you have not web-feet, as we have, I can think of nothing better than for you to hop up on my back ; and thus you shall have a ride while I have a swim."

So the chicken had a ride every day on the old duck's back, till the warm summer-days were gone ; when the farmer's wife put them all into coops to be fed with corn and meal, that they might be fat enough to have on the dinner-table on Thanksgiving Day.

## THE BIRD AND THE STAG.



LITTLE bird  
On the bough,  
Tell me what  
You dream of now.

Gentle stag  
Beneath the tree,  
Do not start  
At sight of me.

Live and gambol  
In this wood:  
I'd not harm you  
If I could.

Sing, dear bird,  
And try to tell  
Of the mate  
You love so well.

Pretty stag,  
Lie still, and hear  
Birdie's song  
So sweet and clear.

Men with guns,  
Keep away!  
Come not here  
To shoot and slay!

It would be  
A sin, I know,  
So much joy  
To turn to woe.

EMILY CARTER.



## THE WATCHER OF THE KEYS.

THIS is a good likeness of the dog Topsy, that belongs to Mr. Nice, the keeper of Highbury Chapel in London. Topsy is not an idle dog. Her business is to take care of the keys of the Chapel School.

Topsy guards those keys every day in the week, except Sunday. She will let no one touch them except her master and mistress. But on Sunday she knows she must not bark

nor make a noise : so she lies down on a mat, and keeps quiet.

When a saucer of milk is put down on the floor at night, Topsy is so polite, that she will wait till the cat has had her supper ; then Topsy will rattle the saucer to let the cook know that it is empty, and that she wants it refilled.

Topsy loves her master and mistress very much. If she sees that one of them is in pain, she will come and lick the face or the hand of the sufferer, and try to give comfort.

If you speak to her crossly, she will hold out her paw, and look in your face, as much as to say, " Please do shake hands with me, and be friends."

She never seems content to lie down in her bed at night, without first putting out her paw, and shaking hands with her master : it is her way of bidding " good-night."

The high training of this beautiful dog reflects great credit on her kind master.

REV. F. O. MORRIS.



## CONTENTMENT.

" Oh ! pray, darling mother," a young gosling said,  
" These kind little children, who've given us bread, —  
Now, what will they do in the cold winter's storm,  
With no downy feathers to keep themselves warm ?"

" Dear hearts," said the mother, " we'll spare them a few :  
Already I've given a pillow or two.  
But worry no more, for it's no sort of use :  
Be thankful that, *you* are a *dear little goose*."

A. D. W.

## MY NEIGHBOR'S GOAT.



My neighbor Smith has a fine white goat he calls Dandy. This goat has been so petted, that he makes quite free with the people he meets.

One trick of his was to put his feet up against a wall so that I could not pass by him on the sidewalk. If I petted him a little, or gave him a handful of clover, he would jump down and let me pass.

He is a very playful goat. If he butts at me with his horns, he takes good care never to hurt me. He loves children, and is always good to them.

The neighbors are all fond of Dandy; and it was with grief, the other day, that we heard he had been hurt.

An ill-natured man was passing along on the sidewalk, when Dandy, taking it for granted that he was a friend, put his fore-feet up against the wall, as much as to say, "You can't pass here till you pay toll."

The man had a heavy stick in his hand; and, without saying a word, he hit poor Dandy a hard blow on the neck, and hurt him very much.

Never before had this good goat met with any thing but kindness from men. Since he was struck, he never puts his fore-feet up against the wall. Was it not a cruel thing to strike him such a blow when he was only playing, and playing harmlessly too?

We deprive ourselves of much pleasure in not being kind

to animals. By kindness we can teach them to do many things that will surprise and amuse us. I hope the dear children who read "The Nursery" will be kind to all God's creatures.

UNCLE AMOS.



### WILLY'S HORSE.

WILLY and Harry are brothers. They live in a city far out on the prairies in Illinois.

Harry is much older than Willy; but they love each other very much, and frolic together a great deal. It makes Willy a little man to play with his elder brother, and Harry a better man to play with his younger.

Last summer Harry had a fine horse, named Charley, — a beautiful white horse, and very gentle. On a pleasant morning, after breakfast, Harry and Willy would go down to the barn, and saddle and bridle Charley, and lead him round to the corner of the house. There he would stand quietly, without being tied, if his friend Carlo, the dog, was by his side.

Harry would mount him first; and then Willy's dear mother would place a heavy shawl before the saddle, and seat Willy upon it. Then Harry would put his arms around Willy, and give him the reins; and Charley would canter off as gayly as if he were the horse of a king. They would first ride through the city and then out over the prairies.

Sometimes they would dismount, and tie Charley to a fence, and ramble over the beautiful prairies, gathering wild strawberries and flowers.

Willy was only four years old then, and it made the people by the roadside stare to see so small a boy ride and guide a horse.

Willy thinks, that, next summer, he will ride by himself, and his father has promised him a horse of his own when he is old enough to manage it. Here is a picture of the horse that Willy is to have.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

HARRY CURTIS.







## THE PROUD DOLL.

OH, she was a dolly so stuck up and proud !  
Alone in her carriage she rode through the crowd :  
So vain of her coachman and gay wooden nags,  
She turned up her nose at the dolls made of rags.

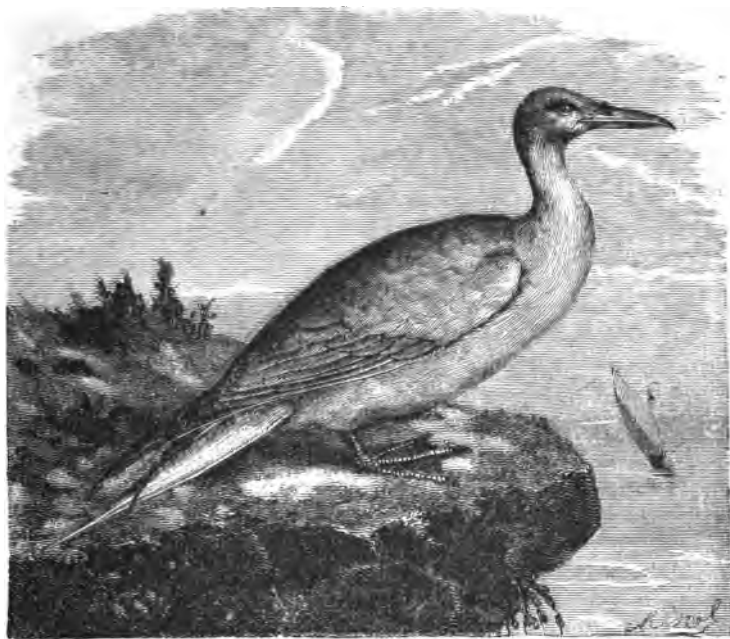
Her long curly hair was the color of flax ;  
She walked and she talked, and her face was of wax ;  
And, when she went out every sunshiny day,  
The rest of the dolls would get out of her way.

All out on the carpet the toys were once spread,  
Excepting the baby-dolls, — they were in bed, —  
When down came this proud doll to ride in the park,  
Where stood the tin soldiers and big Noah's ark.

So grandly she went, with a sneer on her lip, —  
When, all of a sudden, the wheels gave a tip,  
And out on the floor, with a scream and a bump,  
Was tumbled Miss Finery all in a lump !

A wonder it was that the child was not killed !  
Her nose was unjointed, some sawdust was spilled :  
She's very meek now to the dolls, great and small,  
Since pride and she had such a terrible fall.

GEORGE COOPER.



### THE GANNET.

THE Gannet is a larger bird than the duck, and is found near the sea. It does not venture very far from shore, and the sailor, when he sees one, knows that land is near.

It catches such fish as swim near the top of the sea. It is a good diver, and can stay more than a minute under water. Sailors nickname it *the booby*, because it does not get out of their way when they go to kill it.

## THE CHILDREN'S DAY-DREAM.

"Now see me send my vessel over the ocean," said Arthur, as he knelt with his two sisters beside a brook which formed a little bay near the root of an old tree. "This little one is the pilot-boat, that has just left her."

"To what country is your vessel going?" asked his cousin, Jane Darton, as she sat on the bank with a rod in her hand.

"My vessel is going to China to get a cargo of tea," said Arthur; "and if she doesn't upset, or meet with pirates, or get struck by lightning, I shall make my fortune when she comes back."

"I wish you would tell the captain to buy me a silk dress," said Jane.

"And me a beautiful fan," cried Sister Emma.

"And me a handsome tea-set," said Sister Barbara.

"Well, you be good, all of you, and you shall have each a present when she comes back," said Arthur.

But the vessel had not got through the narrow channel out of the bay, when she struck against a bulrush, and was upset.

"Oh! now I shall never get my nice China silk," cried Jane.

"Nor I my beautiful fan," cried Emma.

"Nor I my handsome tea-set," sighed Barbara. "Oh, oh!"

"Well, don't cry about it," said Arthur. "Think of the fortune I might have made out of a cargo of tea! And now I shall have to put up with a basket of blackberries."

"Yes: we will go and pick some blackberries," cried Jane. "After all, what do I want of a silk dress? I should only tear it against the bushes."

"And what do I want of a fan," said Emma, "when I can make one out of leaves?"



"And what do I want of a tea-set," said Barbara, "when I should only break it?"

"And what do I want of a fortune," laughed Arthur, "when I should only spend it?"

So the four children concluded that the best thing they could do would be to go into the fields, and along by the stone walls, and pick a good basket of ripe blackberries for the tea-table.

This they did ; and they were quite as happy in doing it, as if all their dreams of a silk dress, a fan, a tea-set, and a fortune, had been fulfilled.

IDA FAY.



## MABEL AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

MABEL and her little sister Jane are orphans. They live with their grandmother, who is very kind to them. In the picture, she is showing the children a likeness of their mother.

With such a pleasant home, and such a loving grandmother, one would think that these two little girls ought to be happy and contented. And Jane, the younger of the two, is as happy as the day is long.

But Mabel, although not a bad child at heart, has an unhappy temper. She is sometimes moody and wayward, and gives her good grandmother much trouble.

I will tell you one of her freaks, and how her grandmother managed her.

One day Mabel had been reprov'd for some fault, and knew that she had done wrong ; but, instead of saying that she was sorry, she brooded over the matter until she persuaded herself that she had been very much injured.



So she said to herself, "I will run away. I will make grandmother sorry that she has treated me so."

Poor little Mabel! She never stopped to think what "running away" meant, but went softly up stairs to her own room, and began taking out articles of dress from the bureau-drawer.

Just then her grandmother came up stairs, and, seeing what was going on, knew in a moment what was passing in Mabel's mind.

"If my little girl is going away," she said very quietly, "I must get her something to pack her clothes in."

Then she brought a little travelling-bag, and Mabel packed her clothes in it.

"I must pay you the fifty cents I promised you the other day," said her grandmother. "Here it is. You may need it."

Mabel began to feel ashamed when she saw the sad look on her grandmother's face. But she was too proud to say so. Pretty soon her bag was packed, and she was all ready.

She could not go without bidding little Jane good-by. Jane was asleep in her crib. Mabel kissed her; and saying, "Good-by, dear Jenny: you may have my fifty cents," she put the money into Jane's little chubby hand.

But now there were tears in Mabel's eyes, and two large drops were rolling down her cheeks.

"Good-by, grandmother," said she.

"Good-by, dear child," said her grandmother. "I hope people will be kind to you *where you are going*."

Mabel could hold out no longer.

"O grandmother!" she sobbed. "I want to stay with you. I will never, never, be a naughty girl again, if you will only love me once more."

"I have always loved you, my darling Mabel," said her grandmother, giving her a kiss; "and I love you now better than ever. Come now, we will hang up this travelling-bag, and you shall be my own dear little girl again."

LILA.





## MARCH.

MARCH is a funny old blustering fellow :  
He whistles his tunes from morning till night ;  
He scatters the ground with crocuses yellow,  
Then frosts them over with white.

Up in the morning, 'mid sunshine playing,  
And then, in an hour, drifting the snow ;  
Then stopping, he thinks of the children's Maying,  
And silently ceases to blow.

With smiling and sighing, and raining and snowing,  
He tries to catch up with the mild April showers,  
And help them to moisten the valleys for sowing,  
And wake up the exquisite flowers.

Moody and fitful, his footsteps are ranging  
From morrow to morrow, till April is near ;  
Then kissing her face, with its tremulous changing,  
He leaves there a smile and a tear.

Then mute with the sight of her wonderful graces,  
While shadows of night veil his sobbing retreat,  
In a tumult of rain the last snow he effaces,  
And meltingly dies at her feet.

W.



## WHAT I SAW IN THE CITY.



As I was going along in the street, I saw a boy with a drum. It was not a real drum, such as you buy at the store: it was only a tin box. It was fastened around the boy's neck with a string, and he drummed with two drumsticks.



When I went across the river in a ferry-boat, there was a boy on the boat who had a flag. Some one had given it to him for a present. He was very much pleased with it, and could not keep it still. I was

afraid he would hit some lady's hat, and spoil it. That would have been very bad manners.

Here is a man with some balloons. I saw him in the street. The balloons try to go up in the air; but the man holds them down by a string. They are red, and look very pretty.



The man wants to sell them to the boys and girls. Every boy and girl wants one.

Here is a little girl who has bought a balloon. See how it floats in the air! but the little girl must hold fast to the string.





## THE DREDGERS.

A DREDGE is any sort of a thing by which you can scoop up oysters, stones, or sea-plants from the bottom of the water. It may be a drag-net, or it may be a large machine made to take up mud or sand.

The three men in the boat yonder have been dredging with a net. They have been trying to find certain sorts of plants and animals which belong to the open sea, and which the waves or currents seldom or never cast upon the beach.

The man in the bow of the boat holds the two oars, while the man in the stern looks into the net which the man who is standing up has just drawn into the boat from the water.

Not far off is a sailboat, and on the horizon are two large ships, and a smaller one between them. The horizon is the bound, or limit, beyond which your eyes cannot see the water or land.

When I was at the sea-beach last summer, I found on the rocks many beautiful specimens of purple seaweed. These I stuck on paper, so that I can look at them whenever I like. They remind me of the seashore and the grand ocean, and of the pleasant strolls along the sands which I used to have on mild summer days.

MARIANA.



## THE DINNER-PARTY.

MARY and Nelly got up the dinner. Their mother had given them leave to play all the morning: so they put on their old dresses, and prepared for a grand frolic.

"What shall we do?" said Mary.

"Let us go to the sand-heap, and make pies," said Nelly.

"Yes; and let us give a dinner-party to the dolls," said Mary.

This project was approved by both the little girls: so they brought out all their dolls, — a family of six.

There was Polly, a stately doll in her day, but suffering now from a stitch in her side, and rather flimsy from the loss of sawdust.

There was Jack, a knit-worsted boy, with a tassel in his cap. One of his legs was ravelled out clear up to the knee; but, as Nelly said, that was no matter, because they could play he had been to the war.

Then there was Sally, an India-rubber doll. She was not very good-looking, but very tough, and could stand any amount of knocking about.

Sam was a wooden soldier, and carried his sword at his side night and day, because it was painted on.

Mrs. Peggy Whipple, the mother of all these dolls, was the head of the family; and Topsy, a black doll, was cook.

They were all given something to lean against, so that they might sit up, and amuse each other till dinner was ready.

Then Mary and Nelly went to work in the moist sand, and made a batch of tempting pies and cakes. They made just six of each; for Nelly said it was best not to have any for the dolls to quarrel about.

One of the largest cakes was frosted over with lime, in the style of the most skilful confectioners. This was to be set before Mrs. Peggy Whipple.

A board laid across some bricks served for a table. On this all the good things were served up, and then the dolls were invited to take their seats.

With the aid of brick-bats placed at their backs, the ladies sat up straight, and behaved splendidly. So did Jack. But Sam, the military doll, could not be persuaded to sit down. He stood on guard in the most soldier-like manner, as you may see in the picture.

The feast had just begun, when Nelly and Mary saw their papa coming with the carriage, and heard their mamma calling them to come and get ready for a ride.

In a moment the party was forgotten, and the dolls were left to finish their dinner alone.

LAURA B.



## APRIL FOOL.

WHAT are the children all about?  
Mischief is certainly brewing :  
When four little heads are in a bunch,  
I know there'll be something doing.

Hark ! what a merry, noisy shout,  
As away they suddenly scatter !  
Papa has sweetened his tea with salt,  
And doesn't know what's the matter.

Mother, who says, " You can't catch me !"  
Her breakfast just ready to swallow,  
Finds that the egg she likes so well  
(How strange !) is perfectly hollow.

Bridget, with dish-cloth pinned behind  
By fingers that stealthily handle,  
Is patiently trying, with all her might,  
To light — a potato-candle !

But, ah, you rogues ! though you had your fun,  
The fun was not all for you ;  
And you found, before the day was done,  
We could have our nonsense too.

For Dick, who thinks maple-sugar nice,  
Took a bite of soap so yellow !  
Tom tasted a doughnut of cotton-wool,  
And got laughed at well, poor fellow !

And when mother sent to the thread-store near,  
The little ones, Kate and Willie,  
For a skein of sky-blue scarlet silk,  
They came back looking quite silly.

Our jokes were only innocent fun ;  
And now let me give you a rule :  
Don't ever be vulgar or rude or unkind  
In playing at April Fool.

ELIZABETH SELL.

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## THE GOLDFINCH AND ITS MASTER.

Not many years ago, in a little town in France, there was a driver of a coach, who twice a week made a journey to Paris. He had a little tame goldfinch, who used to go with him on these journeys.

At first the bird would fly a little way beyond the horses' heads, and then come back and light on its master's shoulder.



But at last, when they drew near to a certain public house where they used to stop, the bird learned to fly off to the house, in advance of the horses.

Then it would chatter away to the folks of the house, as much as to say, "My master is coming! Wake up, good people, wake up! Don't you hear the wheels? Master is coming, I say! Hurrah!"

And then the maid-of-all-work, and the cook, and the girl who tended the door, and the boy who blacked the boots, and Grip the dog, would all rush to the door; and one would cry, "You dear little bird! Are you here again?" And



each of the women would try to have it light on her hand.

It seemed to like the old cook best. Perhaps this was because the cook used to feed it. Then the others would turn to see the coach coming, and soon it would stop before the house; and the goldfinch would fly off to its master, and chatter to him, as if it would say, "You see what a good bird I am! I flew here before you, so as to let them know you were coming."

"Yes, Billy, you *are* a good bird," the master would say; "and money couldn't buy you from me. There! Give me a kiss." Then the goldfinch would put its bill up to the man's lips, as if to kiss him.

This is a true story. For several years this charming friendship between man and bird was kept up; and all the people in the town used to love the bird, and go to see it.

ALFRED SELWYN.

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## OUR CAT MUFFY.

Oh, you bright, wise Muffy! You know almost as much as some little girls and boys, don't you, though you are nothing but a cat.

I must tell you all about Muffy. In the side of our house, there is an opening, two feet square, with a little sliding-door leading into the kitchen.

Here there is a bell hung by a rope; and when the butcher-boy and the grocer-boy come with their things, they ring the bell to let the cook know the things are there.

Our Muffy, having seen them do this, must have thought to herself, "When those boys ring the bell, the cook comes and opens the sliding-door. Now, why can't I, when I want to get into the kitchen, just ring that bell?"



No sooner thought of than done. Miss Muffy rang the bell, the cook opened the door, and in jumped Muffy. "Why, you saucy cat!" cried the cook, laughing: "how dare you ring that bell?"

Having found the thing could be done, Muffy has kept up the habit to this day; but she is so good-natured a cat, that we do not scold her.

She will let us dress her in doll's clothes, and will sometimes lie still in the cradle for five minutes at a time; and, when told to stand on her hind-legs and give a kiss, she will do this in the most graceful manner.

If any of you want to see Muffy, you can do so any day, after lessons are over, by calling on me at my house.

META.



## OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Additional words by GEORGE BENNETT.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

*mf* Not too fast.

1. Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone, But  
2. Old Mother Hubbard, she turned from the cupboard, And said "Now come along, Snap, We'll

when she got there the cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none:  
go to Dame Hind, and if she is kind, I'm sure she will give us a scrap."

*p* Poor doggie look'd up with a tear in his eye, Because he was hungry, you know, And  
*f* The dame was at home, and she said when they'd come, "There's enough for both of you now; Some

waggled his tail, his lit-tle short tail, And said to her, "Bow, wow, wow!"  
broth and the shanks;" Mother Hubbard said "thanks," and Doggie said "Bow, wow, wow,!"

3 Old Mother Hubbard oft went to her cupboard,  
But seldom could meet with a bone:  
'Twas hard to be old and hungry and cold,  
With poor little doggie alone!

Mamma is so good, she would send her some  
If old Mother Hubbard lived now: [food,  
How glad we should be, the poor woman to  
And hear the dog say, "Bow, wow!" [see,



WHY POP STAID BEHIND.

## WHY POP STAID BEHIND.



HERE was a little girl whose name was Silvia. Would you like to know why she was called Silvia? It was because the house where she was born was in a wood; and the Latin word *silva* means a wood.

If we had tried to make a name for her in English, we should have called her *Woody*; but *Silvia* is a much prettier name than *Woody*, I think.

Well, you must know that Silvia had a present of a little dog. She called him Pop, because his little sharp bark sounded to her like the popping noise made by corn when it is parched over the fire.

He was a funny little animal. One day Silvia took her doll and a small basket, and went out to pick berries. Pop followed her, of course. They went more than a mile from home. But, on her way back, Silvia lost sight of Pop. She called him; but he did not come.

When she got home with her berries, she found that she had parted company, not only with Pop, but with her doll Rose. But she did not sit down, and cry over her loss. She put on her plaid shawl, and started forth to hunt for Rose and Pop.

The birds flew around her as she walked; for she had been used to feed them with crumbs. One little sparrow seemed to think it was a hard case that she would not give him any thing; for he followed her a long way.

She said to him, "You dear little bird! I haven't a single crumb in my pocket for you now; and I am in such a hurry, that I cannot go back to the house for bread. You wait till I come back, and then you shall have plenty."

Then the sparrow flew up on a tree; and Silvia walked on,

and called, "Pop, pop: where are you, Pop? Where have you strayed to, sir? Come here, Pop."

But, for a long while, no Pop made himself heard. At last, as Silvia went into a thick part of the wood, and saw the trees and bushes she had passed a short time before, she heard a little sharp voice say, "Bow-wow, wow!"

"There he is! That's Pop!" cried she with a laugh; and, sure enough, there he was, keeping guard over something in the grass. And what do you think it was? Guess once, twice; and, if you do not guess right, I will tell you: it was Silvia's doll Rose.

She had dropped it there out of her basket; and Pop, like a good dog, had kept guard over it. He was too small to take it in his mouth, and run home; but he did his best.

Silvia took him in her arms, and praised him; then she picked up Rose, and went home. She did not forget her promise to the little sparrow. She got some crumbs, and fed all the birds; and they were not afraid, though Pop barked at them in a very savage manner.

EMILY CARTER.

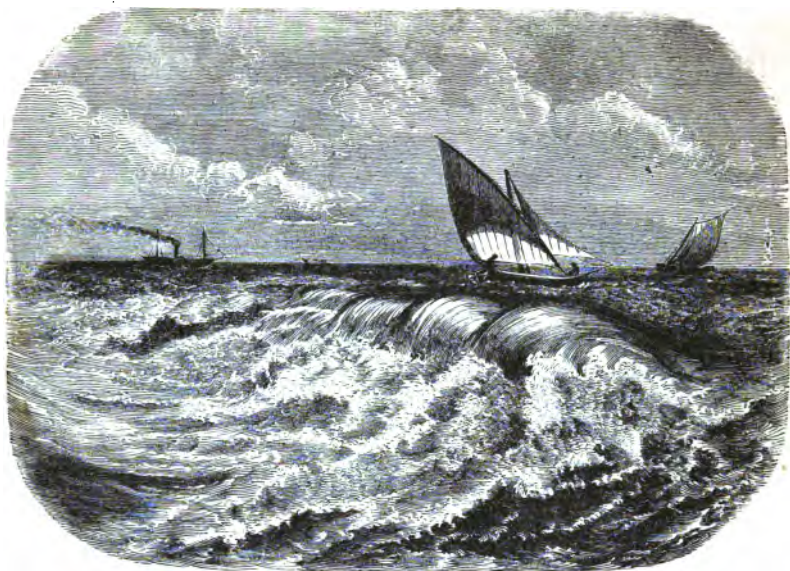
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## RAIN-DROPS.

Tot is at the window-pane,  
Watching little drops of rain:  
Down the glass they pitter-patter;  
Totty wonders what's the matter.  
Thoughtfully she lifts her eyes  
Upward to the darkened skies;  
Earnestly and long she gazes:  
Very sad her little face is,  
As she turns and questions, "Why,  
Mamma, do the angels cry?"

EMEROY HAYWARD.





## HOW A BOY LEARNT TO PAINT.

THE boy I am going to tell you of was named Lane ; and he lived in a seaport town, where there are beaches from which you get a fine view of the ocean.

Once, when he was quite a small lad, as he walked through a field, he saw a plant which bore dark berries that looked like cherries. He had been told never to eat a berry unless some older person was near to tell him it was good to eat ; for there are many berries that are poisonous.

But these dark berries looked so nice and ripe to Lane, that he ate some of them without leave. They were the fruit of a plant known as the deadly nightshade ; and they poisoned him badly.

The poison acted strangely upon him. It seemed to wither up his legs, so that he became a cripple for life. He had been a bright, active boy, fond of climbing over the rocks ; but now he could not move except upon crutches.

He was a poor boy ; and he knew he must do something to earn a living : but what could he do ? He used to sit at his window, where he could watch the ships and the boats and the steamers ; and he would sigh to think he could not be a sailor, and climb up masts as he had seen other boys do.

He loved to look at ships, — loved it so well, that, at last, he tried to make drawings of them on paper. He loved the waves of the sea ; and he would sit looking at them for hours at a time.

A happy day it was for Lane, when a kind friend, who had seen some of his drawings of ships, bought for him some canvas, some paint and brushes, and told him to make a painting of a ship then in the harbor.

Lane did it so well, that the friend paid him ten dollars for it. The painting was hung up at a shop-window ; and then people who saw it came to Lane to get him to paint other ships for them.

Soon, from painting single ships, he began to paint ocean-scenes like that of which we give a picture ; scenes of hollow waves, of rushing, angry waves, with foam flying, and with curving crests ; scenes of wrecks on sandy beaches ; of ships under full sail in the pleasant sunshine, and sail-boats gliding near.

His paintings were now sold at high prices ; and Lane earned so much money, that he built for himself a nice house, from the upper windows of which he could watch the ships and the changing waves.

Poor Lane did not live to be an old man ; but he led a happy life amid his paintings. And many of these now hang on the walls of rooms, where they still bring to mind the sights he saw from his windows, — the wild waves, or the flashing beach, the sail-boats, and the ships.

UNCLE CHARLES.





## BROWNIE.

EVERY evening, in the twilight, my little niece Louise climbs into my lap, and says, "Now, auntie, tell me about Brownie." As it is a true story, I think the little "Nursery" girls and boys would like to hear it; and my little pet, who dearly loves "The Nursery," will be delighted when she reads it there.

Once I had a little brown chicken. She was one of a brood which came out of the shell very early in the spring, while the ground was covered with snow. All the rest of the brood died from the cold; and then the children took this little chicken into the house, wrapped her in soft wool, and laid her in a basket in a warm corner by the fire.

They fed her with crumbs, and gave her fresh water every day, until the warm weather came; when she had grown so strong, that she was able to run about with the other chickens.

But she did not forget her warm corner by the fire, or the children's care; for, whenever the door was open, she would run in, and make herself at home.

The children named her Brownie. She grew to be a hen; but she still loved to come into the house, and was always petted.

One day I was sewing in my room, when Brownie walked in. She turned her little head to one side, and looked up at the bureau; then she stepped along, turned her head to the other side, and looked at the wardrobe. After looking at all the furniture in that way, she flew up, and came down right in the middle of my bed. "Ah! Miss Brownie," I thought, "that is almost too saucy; but I will watch you a minute, and see what you will do."

She scratched about with her feet, and picked with her bill a little while, and then she sat down very quietly. After a few minutes, she got up, said, "Cut-cut-cut, ca-dar-cut," flew down off the bed, and walked out. I looked on the bed, and what do you think I saw? A little white egg!

The next day I was watching my baby Harry, who was asleep on the bed: Elsie and Fred were playing with their blocks on the carpet. The door was shut. I heard two little feet come patting along through the entry, and scratch at the door. I went to the door and opened it.

There stood Brownie. I knew she had come to find her nest: so I thought I would make it ready for her. I threw an old quilt over my white bedspread, put on it the egg she had left the day before, and then sat down. She walked around, peeping this way and that, and then flew up to the bed. She seemed pleased with my arrangements, and sat down as before.

I told her she must not wake my baby with her "Cut-cut, ca-dar-cut;" but he waked in a few minutes, and, seeing Brownie on the bed, he put out his little fat hands to pull her feathers. I was afraid she would scratch or peck him, and went quickly to take him away; but she only turned her head, and looked at him in a motherly way, as if to say, "Pull my feathers as much as you like, Harry: I am used to babies." She staid about as long as the day before; and then she said, "Cut-cut-cut, ca-dar-cut," and went out. When I looked on the bed, there were two eggs!

And so, day after day, for two weeks, Brownie came to my room. I made her nest, and put one egg in it, and every day she left another, till Elsie's basket was full.

And when I stop here, Louise always laughs heartily, and says, "Tell it again, auntie."

MRS. DUNLAP.



## TIZ-A-RING.

"TIZ-A-RING, tiz-a-ring!  
What a funny song to sing!  
You're a cunning little thing,  
    Busy bee, busy bae!  
Though you fly so far and long,  
And your wings are good and strong,  
Yet you sing no other song,  
    Busy bee, busy bee!

"I am sure, if I were you,  
I would learn a tune or two  
From the birds that sip the dew  
    By your side, busy bee!  
So that with your gauzy wing  
You might fly, and sweetly sing  
Something else but tiz-a-ring,  
    All the day, busy bee!"

"I'm too busy, don't you see,  
To be learning melody,"  
Quoth the cunning little bee,  
    And went hurrying along.  
"Tiz-a-ring may sound but queer  
To my little critic's ear;  
But you'll like my honey, dear,  
    If you do not like my song."

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



## A GAME OF LEAP-FROG.

WHEREVER you find boys, you may be pretty sure to see the game of leap-frog played. It is known to have been played by British boys a thousand years ago. Indian boys play it; Esquimaux boys play it; and I don't believe there is any part of the world where boys do not play it.

But it is something new for a dog to take part in it. In the picture, you may see the fine old dog Corporal playing the game with great spirit. The little French boys who own him have taught him how to do it; and he enjoys the fun as much as any of them.

UNCLE SAM.



## ROBIN'S BREAKFAST.

Ah! you little robin, tapping at the pane  
Of my chamber-window, here you are again!  
I am glad to see you. Come, dear robin, come:  
I will bring my breakfast, and throw you out a crumb;  
After you have pecked it with your little beak,  
Thank me in a chirrup, though you cannot speak.

AMY BROWN.



## OUR PIGEONS.

SOME years ago, a gentleman who was visiting at my father's house gave my brother two pairs of pigeons. One pair were of the breed called "Tumblers," because, when they fly from any high place, it seems as if they *tumbled* instead of flying. The others were "Carriers," so called because they can be taught to carry letters from place to place.

The Tumblers were white, with little brown crests. The Carriers were pure white. One of the Tumblers died the night it came, and the other did not live long after.

In two or three weeks, one of the Carriers died, and the other Carrier was left alone : so when father was going to Boston, he said he would see if he could buy a mate for this poor solitary pigeon. He could not find a Carrier ; but he bought a pigeon of a different kind, and the two lived quite lovingly together.

In the spring, Mrs. Pigeon laid some little white eggs in the hay ; and, when she was tired of sitting on them, Mr. Pigeon would take her place, while she flew out and got some fresh air. When the young pigeons were hatched, we often used to go to the hay-mow to look at them.

These squabs (for that is what young pigeons are called) were ugly little things. They would open their long bills,

and scream, whenever any one came near. Even when the parent pigeons went to feed them, they would scream and flutter as if they were angry with their father and mother for showing them so much kindness.

But they grew pretty as they grew older. Soon they were large enough to fly about, and feed themselves. By and by they began to have young ones of their own; and so the number of our pigeons increased, from year to year, until we had twenty, or more.

Every day, when my aunt went to the dairy to skim the milk, the whole flock would come to the window, and wait for her to give them some crumbs of bread.

One morning she was quite surprised to find that a little rogue of a pigeon had picked a hole in the netting which covered the window, and stepped into the dairy. There he was standing coolly on the edge of an apple-pie, which he was eating with great relish.

Sometimes the pigeons used to come to a platform at the back-door to be fed; but, when the food was thrown out, the old grandfather pigeon, who was the head of the family, would drive away all except his own wife. He seemed to think that the crumbs were meant for himself and old Mrs. Pigeon, and he would not let another pigeon touch one.

A. T. M.







## THE STORY OF LITTLE BOY-BLUE.

“TELL the Boy-Blue story,” said my Neddy to me, when, tired of building block-houses, he crept into my lap.

I have fallen into a habit of making out little stories for Neddy, from his “Mother Goose” book. Just now, the favorite one is the story of Little Boy-Blue, which I write down just as it was told to my own little boy an hour ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Blue, Little Boy-Blue’s father and mother, lived in an old brown house, ever and ever so far from neighbors. They had one little boy (the Boy-Blue of this story), and a little girl called Daisy, with cheeks as red as a Baldwin apple, and hair as yellow as cowslips.

These two children were own cousins to Little Bo-Peep.

“I knew that before,” said Neddy, looking wise. “You said so in the Bo-Peep story.”

“Oh! I forgot: so I did,” I replied. “But I did not tell you that they went to school, winters, with Jacky Horner.”



"Did they?" said Neddy. "I wonder if Jacky gave them any of his Christmas plums."

"Of course he did. He would have been a very selfish boy if he had not. Don't you think so, dear?"

Neddy nodded his head with a satisfied air.

When Boy-Blue grew to be a big boy, his father, who was a poor man, used to send him into the fields to look after the cows and the sheep. He had a tin horn, like that we use to call the haymakers to dinner. It was painted red, blue, and green, in stripes; and was hung round his neck with a red cord.

When the cows or sheep strayed away, he would blow on the horn as loud as he could; and they would come trotting back to him, — the little lambs, the old sheep, the spotted cow, the red cow, and the cow with a white face and long horns.

"I guess he called one cow Suky, another Bess, and the white-faced one Mooly, as Cousin John did his last summer," said Neddy thoughtfully.

"We will make believe he did, my boy."

One morning Boy-Blue got out of bed the wrong way. He put on his stockings wrong side out, pulled his hair while combing it, and filled his eyes with soap-suds.

He grew crosser and crosser every minute, and came to breakfast looking naughty enough. They did not have hot buckwheat-cakes that morning, only rye-muffins with butter and molasses; and that made him pout again.

"Why, that's like me!" said Neddy after a pause. "Papa sent me away from the table once because I made up faces at rye-muffins."

After breakfast his mother said, "It is time to go to the fields, Boy-Blue."

"I don't want to go to-day," said the sulky boy. "I hate sheep: they only say, '*Bah, bah!*' and cows are stupid."

But his mother gave him his basket of luncheon, and kissed him on both cheeks; then stood in the door-way, and watched him as he walked slowly away.

"He will feel better when he sees his nice luncheon," she said as she turned back into the kitchen to wash her milk-pans.

The cows and the sheep acted very badly that day. Boy-Blue chased them up and down the fields, threw stones at them, and whipped them with birch-sticks.

It was a warm day; and at last, all tired out, he sat down under a hay-cock, ate his luncheon, and said to himself, "I don't care what becomes of those old cows; and I hope the sheep will run away, and never come back!"

He lay back in the soft hay, closed his eyes, and was soon fast asleep. Then the sheep jumped over a high stone wall, into Farmer Turner's big meadow, with its tall grass just ready for mowing, and its great nodding yellow lilies.

The cows pushed through a weak fence, into a cornfield, and soon found mischief enough to do. Mr. Blue, at work down behind the barn, not hearing the horn, said to himself, "Boy-Blue is in trouble. I must go and look after him."

Mrs. Blue, who had come to bring him some hot doughnuts and a pitcher of coffee, said, "Perhaps he has fallen into the brook. Do hurry! Mr. Blue, and hunt him up."

When Mr. Blue came to the field, he saw what mischief the cows and sheep were in; and as he was a little lame in one knee, and did not like to run for them, he called out, as loud as he could, —

"Little Boy-Blue,  
Come blow your horn!  
The sheep's in the meadow,  
The cow's in the corn."

But, as Boy-Blue did not answer, Mr. Blue looked all over the field, and found him at last under the hay-cock fast asleep.

"What a pretty, pretty story!" said Neddy. "Let me get down now, and make a picture of Boy-Blue eating his bread and cheese under the hay-cock."

So Neddy got down, spread a sheet of paper on the floor, took his paint-brush and his little box of paints, and went to work in good earnest.

A short time after, he brought me the finished picture of a very blue boy, taller than the green hay-cock, who was eating a huge piece of cheese he had just taken from a purple basket; while in the distance a flock of pink sheep were jumping over a fence, and three crimson cows were eating up Farmer Dow's corn.

S. B. T.



## GUESS WHERE THEY ARE GOING.

ONE lovely day in June, when the leaves had begun to be thick, George and I stood on a hill where we could look down on a meadow. For a week, there had been heavy rains; but on this day the sun shone, and the sky was blue.

George Burnside is only five years old; but he keeps his eyes open so wide for wonders, that his sister calls him Wide-awake.

"Look there!" cried he all at once, as we sat resting ourselves on a rock. "On the low part of the meadow that lies under water: just look!"

"Well, George," said I, "I see five ducks there."

"What more do you see?"

"I see two girls, one larger than the other; and they are wading through the water; and the larger girl carries a boy in her arms before her."

"Well, if you had sharp eyes," said George, "I think you might see a white-faced dog following them."

"Yes, Mr. Wide-awake, now I look again, I *do* see a white-faced dog," replied I.

"I've seen that dog before: he's a fighting dog," said George. "Now you can't guess where those girls are going," added he.

"Well, they are going to play with the ducks, I suppose."

"No: they're not. Don't you see the smaller girl has a basket? Where are your eyes?"

"Ah, yes! now I see the basket. Perhaps they are going to pick strawberries."

"Well, Dora, you *are* bright! Don't you know strawberries will not be ripe these two weeks?"

"Perhaps the children are going to cut dandelions for dinner."



"No: they're not. They have been to dinner. They dine at twelve o'clock; and it's now half-past twelve. Guess again."

"Well, George, I give up. I'm afraid I'm not good at guessing to-day."

"It's because you don't stop to think. Do you see that man at work in the field yonder?"

"Yes, George, I see the man; and there's a boy not far off, raking hay."

"Well, *now* can't you guess?"

I sat silently thinking till George, out of patience, cried, "Why, those children are taking their father's dinner to him, of course."

"Of course they are, George," said I. "How could I be so stupid?"

DORA BURNSIDE.



## THE BEE'S WISDOM.

SAID a little wandering maiden  
To a bee with honey laden,  
"Bee, at all the flowers you work  
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"  
Said the bee with honey laden;  
"But the poison I forsake,  
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee with honey laden,  
That is right," replied the maiden:  
"So will I, from all I meet,  
Only draw the good and sweet."

EMILY CARTER.



## CAROL FOR SPRING.

WINTER is done !

Daisies are lifting their heads to the sun ;  
Mayflowers, smiling the soft winds to greet,  
Burst into loveliness sudden and sweet ;  
Primroses, pale as with looking on snow,  
Crocuses, violets, see how they grow !  
Robins and bluebirds make nests in the sun :

Winter is done !

Sister of Summer, your reign is begun !

Winter is done !

Out of its death all this glory is won !  
Down at the roots where the fallen leaves cling,  
Wrecks of the Autumn make blossoms for Spring ;  
Dust of the rose-leaves gives bloom to the rose ;  
Life out of death thus eternally grows ;  
Earth's blooming children come back one by one :

Winter is done !

Sister of Summer, your reign is begun !

W.



## SIGHTS IN THE CITY.



Here is a man that I saw in the park. He was walking about on the paths. I said to him, "What are you doing?" He said, "I take care of the park."



By and by, a man came and brought him a can, full of seeds. He took the seeds, and spread them on the ground under the trees. The seeds were for the little birds.



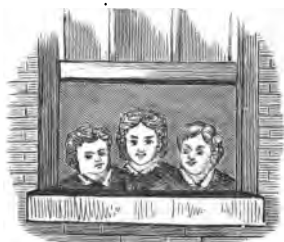
Look at the houses that the little birds live in. They are fastened up in the trees. We see as many as four

or five houses in some of the trees. The birds go into them when it storms. They stay in the park all the cold winter, and sing sweetly.

Here is a boy leading a small goat. I saw him in the street. The goat is bleating, and seems afraid. Perhaps he is not used to so much noise ; or, perhaps, he does not want to go away from his mother.



Here are three little faces looking out of the window. I saw them when I went down to the ferry. They are looking to see the ferry-boat,





when it comes up to the dock. They can see the people when they come out of the boat.



Here is a little boy who lives in the next house. When I go past the door, he says, "Good-morning!" One day I stopped, and he told me a story about a kitten.

Then I told him of a boy I had seen giving his sister a ride in a wheelbarrow.

W. O. C.





## FLOWER-TALK.

WHAT does the crocus say ?

“Summer sunshine’s on the way.”

What does the wind-flower sing ?

“We are the footprints of spring.”

What says the columbine ?

“April showers make me fine.”

What does the violet speak ?

“Those who want me, they must seek.”

Breathes the lilac’s rich perfume,

“Children love my purple bloom.”

What has the king-cup told ?

“All the fields I fringe with gold.”

“Sweetness,” whispers mignonette,

“Follows where my feet are set.”

What does the pansy sigh ?

“Balm for wounded hearts am I.”

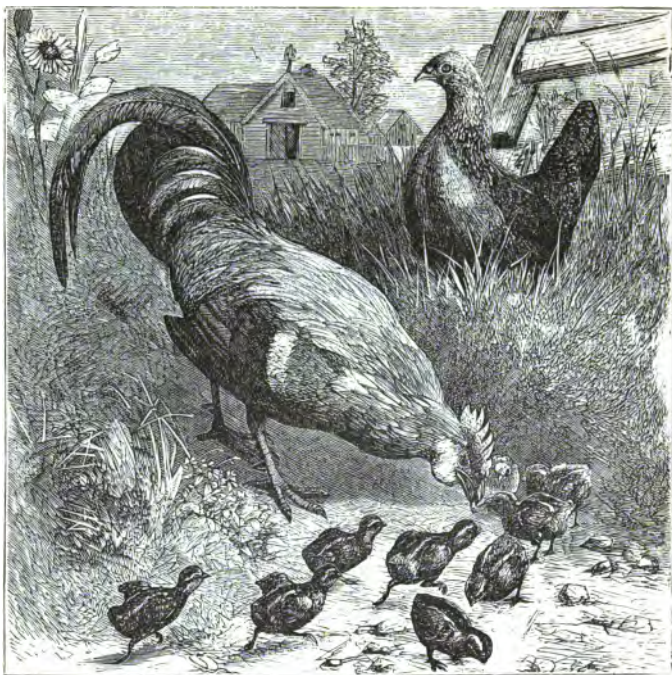
Nods the sunflower in her bed,

“See the glory round my head!”

Sweet-brier blushes, “Who would hold

What he prizes, must be bold.”

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



## THE POLITE ROOSTER.

“WELL, Peggy, you foolish old hen, didn’t you know better than to bring out a brood of chicks at this time of year? Why, Jack Frost has hardly left, and here you are trying to scratch worms out of this hard ground! Nonsense, Peggy! I’m ashamed of you. I thought you had brought up children enough to make you a wiser mother.”

So said Uncle John one cold day in the early spring, as he put eight little yellow downy chickens into a basket, and carried them off to the kitchen.

“What are you doing with my chicks?” scolded Peggy in hen language, running after him on her short legs, with every feather bristling.

But she was more amiable when Bridget brought some

corn-meal mixed with warm water, and set it down where each little chick could feed; after which they went to sleep under their mother's wings.

Well, days got warmer and brighter; but the nights were still cold, and the chicks insisted on getting under their old mother's feathers to keep warm. But they were too big for her to cover them all: so what does good Mr. Rooster do, but offer to help her.

It was a new business for him; but he watched Peggy as she spread her wings over three of them, and then he tried to do just the same with the others. It was a funny sight to see him almost lifted off his legs, and stretching his wings over five big chickens, while he tried his best to hush them to sleep with the same noise the old hen made. He didn't succeed very well; but I think it was good of him to try, don't you?

I wish you could see what good manners he has too. He is so very polite to all the hens in the barn-yard! Whenever he finds any nice little tid-bit, or scratches a worm out of the earth, he always calls his whole family of little ones to come and eat it with him.

This is a true story. I wish the little children who read "The Nursery" could go with me to-day to Uncle John's barn-yard, and see Peggy and her chickens. I know of some little boys, old enough to sail boats, who might learn a useful lesson from the polite rooster.

UNCLE JOHN'S NIECE.





## THE SISTERS AT WORK.

LAURA.

I WANT to be out in the garden so pleasant :  
There's no time for play, sister mine, like the present.

EDITH.

The best time for play and for healthy enjoyment,  
Believe me, dear Laura, is after employment.

LAURA.

Where the sunshine is smiling on trees and on flowers,  
Let us go far away from this dull room of ours.

EDITH.

As for flowers, see those I have put in the pitcher :  
In flowers I'm sure that we need not be richer.

LAURA.

Ah! stupid it is, when the soft breeze is blowing,  
Shut up in the house to be kept at our sewing.

EDITH.

But after our sewing, my dear, is well ended,  
A walk in the garden and grove will be splendid.

LAURA.

By the way you keep on with your stitching and stitching,  
One would say you must find it a task quite bewitching.

EDITH.

So I do; and I'll tell you the rule I'm pursuing, —  
'Tis to put my best work into what I am doing. IDA FAY.



## THE HORSE THAT KNEW HER MASTER.

THERE was once a poor Arab who owned a fine bay mare; but she was stolen from him one day, and he was too poor to buy another.

Ten years afterwards, as he was wandering in the desert, he came to a green spot, where the tent of a rich Arab was pitched, and where a horse stood tied to a post.

The poor Arab was so weary, that he lay down on the ground. Soon the horse began to smell of his face, and then to rub her lips against his cheeks, as if to get his attention.

At last the man looked up, and cried out, "Zara!" That was the name of the horse that had been stolen from him, — the horse he now saw.

Zara seemed so delighted, that she almost broke her halter in showing her pleasure. The man rose from the ground, and put his arm around her neck.

Then the rich Arab came out from the tent, and said, "Who are you?"

"I am the rightful owner of this horse," replied the poor Arab: "she was stolen from me just ten years ago to-morrow."



"That was the day I bought her," said the rich Arab. "The fellow who sold her to me I charged with stealing her; but he denied it. Walk to yonder palm-tree. I will untie the mare; and, if she follows you, I shall think she is truly yours."

The poor Arab walked to the tree; and, as soon as the other one untied the mare, she ran with a snort of pleasure after her old master.

"Take her, she is yours," said the rich Arab; "and here is a purse of gold to pay you for my use of her."

UNCLE CHARLES.



## THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

KITTY had just had a present of a beautiful buff sun-bonnet; and her mother told her she might go out and take a walk. Off Kitty ran, and had not gone far, when she met her little friend, Mary Brown, who told her she must go home with her and spend the night.

Instead of first running back to her own home, and asking leave of her mother, Kitty went with Mary. They had a long walk to Mr. Brown's farm.

There the men were moving some barrels of cider; and Mary and Kitty mounted a wagon, and looked into a barrel of cider that was open. Kitty saw her own happy face, her curls, and her new bonnet, reflected in the cider.

She was much pleased. She laughed and bowed to herself; but she did this once too often, for her bonnet fell off into the cider. It was not a happy face she saw in it then.

Mary, with a stick, fished out the bonnet; but its beauty was gone forever. It was very wet; and Kitty made it more so by the tears she shed upon it. The children were glad when the tea-bell rang. Mary's mother gave Kitty a



bowl of warm new milk. Kitty did not like warm milk; but she said nothing, and sat with it untasted before her, looking very unhappy.

“What a cross little girl!” thought Mary’s mother.

After tea, it rained very hard; and Mrs. Brown sent word to Kitty’s mother that she would keep Kitty all night. The poor child was put to bed in a large room, all alone; and, as she lay awake, she heard all manner of strange noises, which frightened her.

At last, not daring to be alone any longer, she jumped out of bed, and ran down stairs and into the kitchen. There were some men talking, and they laughed very loud when they saw Kitty in her white night-gown. She was more scared than before.

When they saw how pale she was, and how she trembled, they called Mrs. Brown, who dressed Kitty, and sent her home in Mr. Smith’s arms. How glad she was to get back to her own dear mother! She never ran away from home again; but it was a long time before she had another new bonnet.

CELIA.



## GET UP EARLY.

THE sun is uprising, the flowers are upspringing,  
And the birds are so happy that they cannot help singing :  
So wake, little children, you’ve had enough slumber ;  
Out of doors you will find there are joys without number.

The trees and the grass in the sunshine are gleaming ;  
In the fresh morning air the bright waters are streaming :  
Oh! waste not in sleep all these beautiful hours :  
Early rising is health ; ask the birds and the flowers !

UNCLE CHARLES.



## HAVING A GOOD TIME.

**HALLOO!** What a fine time you are having here, all of you! If I were not going on an errand, with this basket on my arm, I would stop and play with you.

Hens and babies, cats and dolls, girls and boys, all of you seem to be making the most of this fine day. Isn't it too bad that I have got to go to market?

Up and down, see-saw! Take care, Tommy, or you will get a fall. Here comes Jenny down stairs with her doll. Where did you get those beautiful shoes you have on, Jenny?

Well, I don't like to leave such good company as this; but business is business, and I shall get a scolding if I stay here much longer. So good-by! Don't forget

THE BOY WITH A PATCH ON HIS KNEE.



SUNNY day, joyful day,  
Do not go so fast away ;  
For this is the month of May,  
And we love to have you stay.

On the banks, in sunny nooks,  
In the meadows, by the brooks,  
Better even than story-books,  
Wild flowers charm us with their looks.

See ! you need not wander far :  
Birds are singing, " Here they are !"  
Sunny day, joyful day,  
Do not go so fast away !

EMILY CARTER.





ALICE AND HER KITTENS.

## ALICE AND HER KITTENS.



HAVE poured into the dish some nice milk for you, you dear little kittens, — milk fresh from the cow. There are five of you all together ; but one hides behind the old mother-cat, and seems afraid to come out. She keeps so far back in the dark, I have to look sharp to see her.

Now I will give each of you a name. Your mother's name, you know, is *Sly*. I gave her that name, because she used to hide behind a jar in the milk-room, and not let us know she was there ; and then, when we had gone out and shut the door, she would jump up on the shelves, and have a feast of cream.

I hope you will not take after your mother in all things, little kittens. She keeps away the mice, and she makes the dog afraid of her ; but she is fonder of cream than we like to have her, and she hunts the dear birds.

Well, now, you black kitten, you were the first to run to the plate : so I shall call you *Greedy*. Your black-and-white sister by your side, I shall call *Muff*, because her fur is so soft.

The kitten with the white nose, who is trying to get between you two, I shall call *Touch-me-not*, because she tried to scratch me when I took her up.

You meek little one, with your head all white, you seem almost afraid to leave your mother's side : I shall call you *Lazybones*, because you spend most of your time in sleep.

As for you, the gray one, who are hiding behind your mother, inside of your little house, I shall call you *Scamper*, because you run and hide when you hear any one coming.

Now, little kittens, let me give you a word of advice. If you are good, and behave yourselves, I will bring you

up carefully, and get good situations for you as soon as you are old enough to be sent away from your mother.

But if you are naughty, if you kill our robins and yellow-birds, if you steal our cream, — why, then, some day, when I come out to feed my little kittens, I shall find you all taken away. That would be a sad thing for me and for you too, I think ; for you love dearly to play, and I love to see you.

ALICE'S AUNT.



### FEEDING THE FISHES.

NEAR our summer-home was a large pond containing a great number of fishes, which had been fed and tamed by a little girl who lived on the shore. It was a great delight to us to take some bread in a basket, and feed them ourselves.

Our walk led through a large meadow, fragrant with

flowers, and through cool, beautiful woods ; and, as we went along, we could hear the river plashing near by, though it was hidden from our sight by bushes. After climbing over a few stone walls, we came into the field where our friend Helen lived.

There was a fence around the pond ; and just at the water's edge there was a broad flat stone, on which we stood, and threw bread to the fishes. As soon as we began to throw, they would begin to collect ; and how they would snap up the crumbs !

Helen would often take a fish in her hand, stroke it a little, and then put it back into the water ; but we never dared to do that. Most of the fish were of the kind called "horned pouts ;" and they seemed, to our eyes, rather frightful.

There were also some turtles in the pond. Helen used to call, "Turtie, turtie ;" and they, too, would come for the crumbs, as if they knew her voice. One of them Helen had named "Three-paw," because it had lost one leg.

When our bread was all gone, we would stroll homeward, picking huckleberries or flowers on our way.

Helen has now grown up, and strangers live on the shore of the pond. The fishes have no one to pet them, and are not as tame as they were in my young days.

CONCORD, MASS.

NINA.







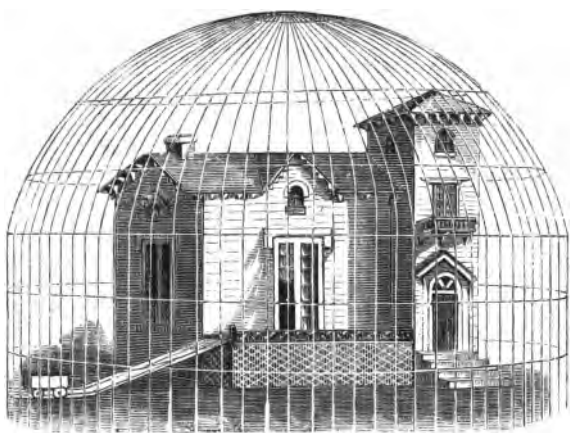
## POP-CORN ! WHO'LL BUY ?

Who will buy my pop-corn ? —  
 Bags of snowy pop-corn,  
     Freshly done to-day.  
 When they're fairly popping,  
 You should see them hopping,  
     Like a school at play.  
     Pop-corn ! Who'll buy ?

Who will buy my pop-corn ? —  
 Pretty balls of pop-corn,  
     Sweet, and creamy white ;  
 Just like snowballs blowing,  
 In the garden growing,  
     Good for taste or sight.  
     Pop-corn ! Who'll buy ?

A. D. W.





## CAPTAIN JINKS.

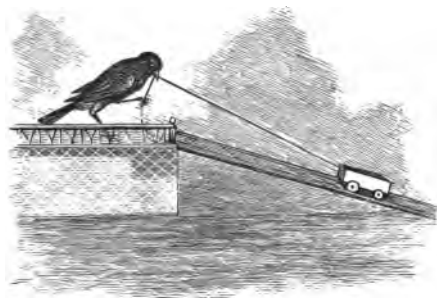
THIS is a picture I drew upon Howard's slate one day, after I had seen just such a little house standing in the window of a bird-store upon Broadway ; and now I will tell you all about it as I told Howard.

This house is about a foot and a half high, and a foot and a half broad, with windows, doors, balconies, and a piazza in front.

Here lives Capt. Jinks, a cunning little canary-bird ; and here he keeps house. The captain does his own house-work ; and, while he works, he sings, as all cheerful workers should do. One of the tunes he sings is called " Capt. Jinks ;" and he stands so straight, and is so soldier-like, that you can almost imagine he says the words, and tells people that he is Capt. Jinks.

I should like to tell you all the funny things this little bird does ; but I can't, because I should take up too much room in " The Nursery : " so I will tell you one of the funniest.

At one end of the piazza in front of Capt. Jinks's cottage, there is a board sloping to the ground: at the foot of the board stands a tin wagon filled with bird-seed. It is just large enough to go up and down the little track upon the board; and this is what it was meant to do; for while I was examining it, and noticing that a string from the piazza was fastened to it, out comes the little captain, and begins to draw up the wagon.



This is the way he does it. He pulls the string with his beak, then holds it with his foot until he pulls a little more, and so draws it all the way up. "Chirp!" he says, "I feed my horse on pork and beans; but I like canary-seeds best. Chirp!" and he puts in his bill, and shakes the seeds out at a great rate.

Then off he hops to the other end of the piazza, where a little bucket is let down by a string, through a hole, into a tumbler of water. "I think I'll take a drink of water," he chirps, and so draws up the bucket, and takes a drink. After finishing his dinner, off he hops, and begins his song again. When supper-time comes, he eats and drinks again; and then goes up into his bed-room, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep.

HOWARD'S AUNT JENNY.



## THE FIRST POCKET.

WHAT is this tremendous noise ?  
What can be the matter ?  
Willie's coming up the stairs  
With unusual clatter.  
Now he bursts into the room,  
Noisy as a rocket :  
" Auntie ! I am five years old —  
And I've got a pocket ! "

Eyes as round and bright as stars ;  
Cheeks like apples glowing ;  
Heart that this new treasure fills  
Quite to overflowing.

“ Jack may have his squeaking boots ;  
Kate may have her locket :  
*I've* got something better yet, —  
I have got a pocket ! ”

All too fresh the joy to make  
Emptiness a sorrow :  
Little hand is plump enough  
To fill it — till to-morrow.  
And, e'er many days were o'er,  
Strangest things did stock it :  
Nothing ever came amiss  
To this wondrous pocket.

Leather, marbles, bits of string,  
Licorice-sticks and candy,  
Stones, a ball, his pennies too :  
It was always handy.  
And, when Willie's snug in bed,  
Should you chance to knock it,  
Sundry treasures rattle out  
From this crowded pocket.

Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife  
Found a place within it :  
He forgot that he had said,  
“ I want it *just a minute*.”  
Once the closet-key was lost ;  
No one could unlock it :  
Where do you suppose it was ? —  
Down in Willie's pocket !

ELIZABETH SILL.



## CAUGHT AT LAST!

YES, here he is. Here is the mouse that has been making himself so much at home in the storeroom. He had a hole in one corner, and took good care never to come out of it when old Muff, the cat, was around ; for he was a sly little mouse.

But last night he saw a nice bit of cheese inside of some-

thing that looked very much like a wire dish-cover. "That cheese smells good," thought he: "I will taste of it. I am a judge of cheese."

So he crept in through a little round hole that seemed to have been made on purpose for him, and nibbled away with a good relish. All of a sudden, he heard a noise that startled him.

"I must be off!" thought he. Off he darted; but, dear me! he couldn't find his way out. The little door that he came in at was fast closed. He tried to squeeze through the wires; he tried to gnaw them: but it was of no use. He was barred in on all sides.

Then it flashed across him, "This is not a dish-cover at all. I ought to have known better than to come in here. This is a trap; and I am caught at last." Of course, the poor little mouse must have felt sad enough then. There was some cheese left; but he had no appetite for it. He sat trembling in the middle of the cage. He was not hurt a bit; but he was dreadfully frightened.

Well, the first person that came to him was our Mary; and I think he must have felt better when he saw her kind face. She brought the trap out, and set it on a chair in the kitchen, and then called us all to see what she had found.

I armed myself with an old broom, and called my dog Snap to protect me; for (as I said to Mary) you don't catch me venturing near wild beasts without some means of defence.

My little brother Jack, who had been spinning his top on the floor, was on hand in a moment. Old Muff, the cat, without any invitation, took her place at one corner of the chair. My little sister Ann came next. Then Susan came crowding in, holding her doll, Flora McFlimsey, so as to give her a sight. Mamma held up the baby. And so here

we are, — a family party, — all gathered around this little mouse.

The question comes up, "What shall be done with him?" Muff looks as though she had a decided opinion on that point. Snap would settle it in a moment if it were left to him. Mamma says, "Put the trap in a tub of water, and drown the mouse." I agree with her; but the girls object.

Then Master Jack, who is a deep thinker, and who has been brooding over the question very carefully, comes out with his plan. "Give him to me," says he, "and I will tame him, and keep him in a cage."

So, after some talk, Jack is allowed to have his way. The little mouse's life is spared; and he is likely to fare better than ever. But I doubt whether the next mouse that we catch will have such good luck.

BOB.



## HOW THE BIRDS DROVE OFF THE DOG.

BIRDS will sometimes resort to tricks to keep you away from the nest where they have their young. Boys well know how the little ground-bird will try to make them think that her nest is far away from where it really is.

This picture of two little birds attacking a dog was drawn by Mr. Harrison Weir, who tells us he was walking out one day with his dog Carrie, when, as they drew near some blocks of sandstone, two little birds flew at the dog.

Carrie was at first so taken by surprise, that she did not know what to do: but surprise gave way to temper; and her temper at last overcame her judgment, as it does too often with us. She dashed at the birds right and left; but

the birds kept striking at her with their bills, and did not let her touch them.

Mr. Weir got the dog away, and stopped this absurd fight. He afterwards found that a nest of young birds was hidden away among the stones where the attack on the dog began.



The parent-birds had gained their point. They had put the dog out of temper; and the dog had thereby lost what she might easily have found. But I am not sorry to know that she was made to go away, and leave the little birds unharmed.





## SISTER AND BROTHER.

ANN and her little brother John are the only children of a widow, who works hard for a living, and cannot afford to dress them in fine clothes.

Their home is in a warm climate, where they can spend most of the time out of doors ; and their life in the open air has made them strong and healthy.

They have few playmates, and hardly any toys ; but they are bright and happy children, and take a great deal of comfort in one another. Ann has been a little mother to John ever since she was old enough to take care of herself. In the picture, you may see her as she was giving him a ride one day through the woods.

On their way home, they went into the barn, and made a call on Old Jenny, the cow.

The little boy shrank back timidly at the sight of her horns ; but she looked at him so kindly with her great eyes,

as she lay chewing her cud, that he was soon quite at his ease.

Then Ann told him that Old Jenny gave the milk that he was so fond of, and explained to him how butter and cheese are made from milk.

“What else are cows good for?” asked John.

“Oh! a great many things,” said Ann. She did not say what things; but I will tell you what she might have said.

The flesh of cows we eat, and call it *beef*. Of their skins



we make leather. Their hair is used in making plastering. From their hoofs, glue is made. Their horns are made into combs, buttons, and handles of knives. Almost every part of a cow, as you see, is of use.

In some countries cows are used for working, as we use oxen: such cows are not so good for giving milk. A friend of mine saw, in Germany, a cow and a woman yoked together, working in the field.

Women and cows fare better here than in Germany. Don't you think so?

M. L.

## JUNE WEATHER.

I.

MONTH of June,  
Roses gay,  
Blossoms bright,  
Deck your way.

II.

We are glad  
You are here  
With your beauty,  
With your cheer.

III.

To the poor  
And the old  
Wearisome  
Is Winter's cold.

IV.

Scanty fires,  
Scanty floors,  
Make them sigh  
For out-of-doors.

V.

At the window  
Children stand,  
Wishing Spring  
Would thrill the land.

VI.

Now, at length,  
Summer-hours  
Bring the birds,  
And start the flowers.

VII.

Now we keep  
In-doors no more,  
Since the meadow  
Is our floor.

VIII.

Now we have  
A ceiling blue,  
High as heaven,  
And ever new.

IX.

Now we ramble  
Through the grove,  
Finding all  
The flowers we love.

X.

Soft the air,  
With odors sweet:  
See the blossoms  
At our feet!

XI.

Laps and baskets  
We can fill,  
Or can twine  
A wreath at will.

XII.

Month of June,  
Season dear!  
Glad are we  
That you are here!

EMILY CARTER.





## FREDDY AND HIS PONY.

FREDDY BARLOW had no brothers or sisters for playmates ; but he had a little pony, of which he was very fond. The pony's name was Bijou, which is the French for jewel. Ask some of your friends who have learned French to tell you how to pronounce it.

Freddy thought Bijou a rare jewel indeed, and felt as proud as a king when mounted on his back ; and Bijou seemed to take pride in doing his best when in the service of his young master.

Bijou was very smart, and had learned some funny tricks. If Freddy walked up to him, and made a bow, he would return the civility in the most polite manner ; and, when

Freddy offered his hand, Bijou would raise his foot, — always his right foot, — and allow it to be shaken. But the funniest thing of all was his trick of laughing. Horses do not often laugh ; but, at Freddy's command, Bijou would open his mouth wide, and display his upper teeth in a most expressive smile.

It was a sad day for Freddy when he was told that he would have to part with this wonderful pony ; but, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow being about to travel abroad, their place, and all that belonged to it, were sold, and Freddy was sent to school in a distant city.

When he had become acquainted with his new school-fellows, he never tired of talking to them about Bijou. He used to look wistfully at all the horses that he met in his walks, though he never expected to see his favorite again.

One day, however, as he was passing the gate of a handsome country-seat, he heard a familiar neigh ; and a horse came bounding down the carriage-path. It was Bijou. At the first glance, he had recognized his master and galloped off to greet him.

Freddy fairly danced with joy at the sight of his pet. He and Bijou were having a delightful interview, when a gentleman came to the gate, and said, " How is it, my little man, that you and my pony take such a fancy to each other ? I think you must be old friends."

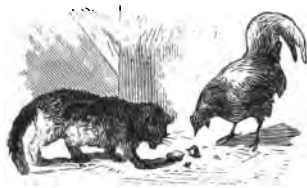
Then Freddy told Bijou's story from beginning to end, and made him go through all his tricks ; and the gentleman was so delighted with the performances, that he invited Freddy to come to his house every holiday, and take a ride upon the pony.

Freddy did not refuse the invitation, you may be sure ; and he and Bijou now enjoy their weekly gallop more than I can tell you.

## THE ROOSTER AND THE KITTEN.



A little black and white kitten lived under a barn. She used to come out, and spend most of her time with the hens. They were afraid of her at first; but they soon found out that she would not hurt them.

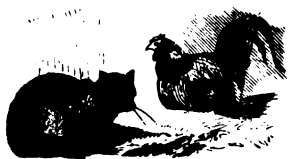


When the old rooster found any thing to eat, kitty would run and take a part of it for herself. The old rooster did not care. He was willing to give kitty a part of his dinner.



Kitty was frightened at first when the rooster crowed; but after a while she found that

he only meant to say, "Good-morning!"



When kitty was tired, she did not go under the barn to rest, but sat down by the old rooster. Here you have a picture of them resting together.



It was so dark under the barn, that kitty could not tell very well when it was daylight; but when she heard the rooster crow she knew it was time to peep out.



Sometimes, when a greedy chicken had found something nice to eat, she would run away to eat it by herself.

W. O. C





## SPRING RAIN.

WHILE it patters, while it pours,  
Little folks are kept indoors ;  
Little birds sing through the rain,  
“ Dreaming flowers, awake again !  
From the damp mould lift your bloom ;  
Make the earth sweet with perfume.”

And the flowers, one and all,  
Answer to this cheery call :  
Crocuses begin to thrill ;  
Violets thicken on the hill ;  
And the fields and meadows over,  
Shines the white and crimson clover,

When it patters, when it pours,  
Little folks are kept indoors,  
Looking through the window-pane,  
Watching the unceasing rain ;  
While its silver voice repeats,  
" Blossoms crown the earth with sweets."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



## THE BEAR AND THE BEE-HIVE.

" HERE's a feast !" said the sly old bear ;  
" Pots of honey, I do declare !  
Scold as you will, you noisy bees :  
I'm big enough to do as I please."

Then the little bees came out in a swarm,  
And Bruin began to be very warm ;  
And, though the old fellow was pretty tough,  
He soon felt ready to cry, " Enough !"



## THE OSTRICH AND HER EGGS.

THE ostrich cannot fly up in the air ; but it can run faster than any other animal. It is found in Africa ; and it feeds on grain, seeds, and other things that grow.

Several females lay their eggs in a common nest ; which is a large shallow pit in the sand, with a margin of sand thrown up around it. The eggs sometimes weigh three pounds apiece ; and they are good to eat.

Ostriches go in large flocks. They are very heavy birds, and often reach a height of seven or eight feet. They will swallow stones, leather, cordage, glass, iron, and other hard things.

The ostrich has been trained to bear a man on its back ; and it will carry him very swiftly many miles. The wing-plumes of this bird are sold as ornaments for hats and bonnets.

UNCLE CHARLES.

## THE GREAT BELL IN RUSSIA.

DING, dong, bell! Ding, dong, bell! Don't you like to hear them, — church-bells, school-bells, car-bells, all the bells except fire-bells?

The largest bell is in Russia, in the city of Moscow. The Russians call it "The King of Bells." It is nearly twenty feet high, sixty feet around at the bottom, two feet thick, and weighs four hundred thousand pounds. Just think of a round room, the shape of a bell, twenty feet across, with walls two feet thick, and you can have some idea of how big the bell is.

Would you like to ring it? It takes twelve men to ring it. They tug and pull, and it booms and tolls so as to almost deafen one. Its tongue, or clapper, is fourteen feet long.

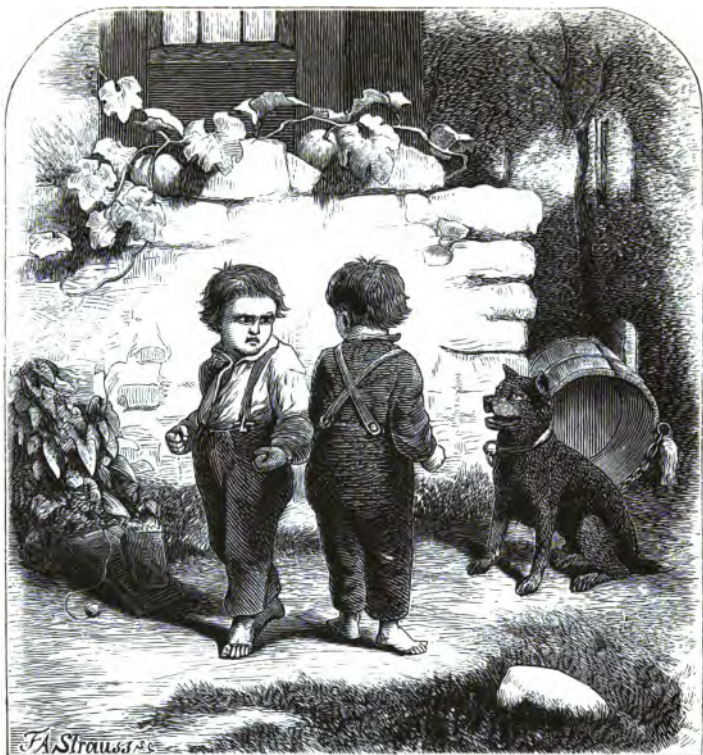
When they were making this big bell, some of the nobles and rich people were so proud of it, that they put gold and silver and rings in with the metal.

Now take your maps, and find the way you would go if you were going to see the King of Bells in Moscow, Russia.

M. F. BURLINGAME.



TIME TO GET UP!



## FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THIS is a sad sight. In the village where these two little boys live, the one with his face turned from us is called France, and the other is called Germany. These are not their real names. Their real names are John and Peter; but they are called France and Germany, because they quarrel so.

Boz, the watch-dog, instead of putting an end to the fight, jumped up, and rattled his chain in high glee, as if now he were going to see fun. "Go back into your kennel, Boz! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir, to encourage fighting."

France began the quarrel; that is, John began it. He asked Peter what he meant by looking at him. Peter replied, that he thought the cat could look at the king. Then John doubled up his fists, and glared like a thunder-cloud at Peter. Boz looked on, eager to see the fight begin.

I am glad to say that nothing serious took place. John scowled at Peter, and Peter scowled at John: but, before either of them could strike a blow, James, the plough-boy, came by with a horse-whip in his hand, which he snapped at them; and thus ended the war.

Boz was so disappointed, that he howled out his grief: whereupon James gave him a touch of the whip, which sent him back yelping into his kennel. I hope it will teach Boz not to encourage little boys in fighting; but then we must not be too hard on Boz. There is not much fun in being chained all day to a kennel. I do not much wonder that the poor dog wanted to see something lively going on.

Fighting may do for dogs; but little boys should know better than to quarrel.

ALFRED SELWYN.





## A CHILD'S SONG.

THE Spring is coming, mother :  
I saw a daisy-bud  
When I and little brother  
Were walking through the wood,  
A tiny bud, just peeping  
Beneath a hillock's eaves ;  
While all around were sleeping  
'Neath last year's sodden leaves.

The Spring is coming, mother :  
I saw a sunny beam  
Light down and meet another  
Upon the brooklet's stream ;  
I saw the black-thorn budding, —  
It always wakens first, —  
Its bloom the hedgerows studding,  
When early violets burst.

*London, England.*

The Spring is coming, mother :  
His pipe a blackbird tried ;  
And then I heard another,  
That, echo-like, replied.  
But, oh ! the thrills of pleasure  
That came from one lone bush !  
I knew the golden measure  
Was warbled by the thrush.

The Spring is coming, mother :  
The cold we'll soon forget ;  
Dead leaves not long will smother  
Each lovely woodland pet ;  
The daffodils will brighten,  
Sweet cowslips scent the air,  
And sunshine warm will lighten  
Fair Nature everywhere.

GEORGE BENNETT.











